

# "COOKIE"

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*

52  
PAGES

AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP  
**ACG**

**WOW!**  
DO THESE FIELD  
GLASSES BRING  
THINGS UP  
**CLOSE!!**

**DOPE!**

EXIT



PROGRAM  
CIRCUS



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

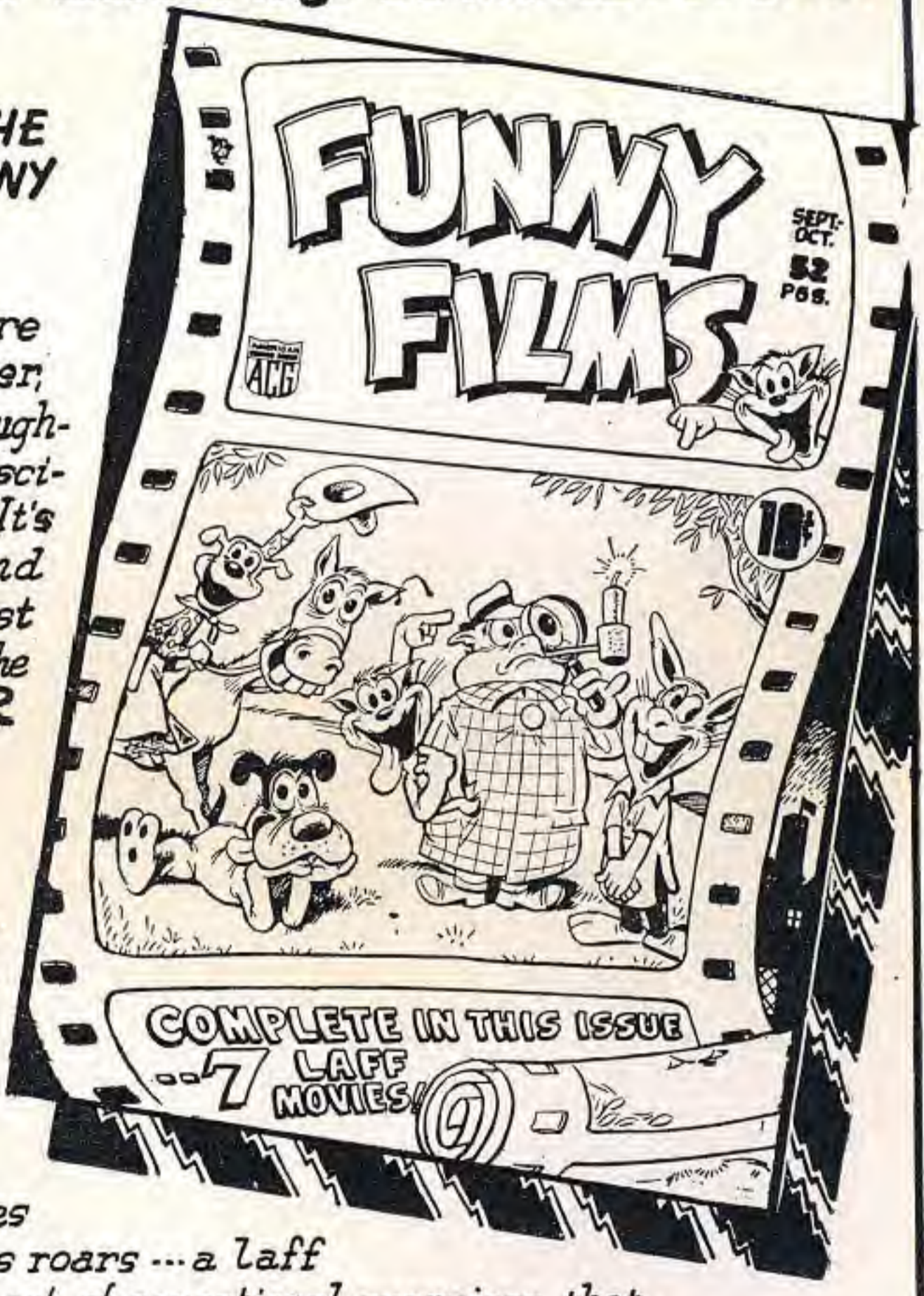
# ANNOUNCING SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

...A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

**9½ FUNNY FILMS** ...THE  
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY  
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons...now, for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies **RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!**

**FUNNY FILMS** features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars ... a laff a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics... **WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**



They're  
all in... **FUNNY  
FILMS**

**10¢**  
ON ALL  
STANDS

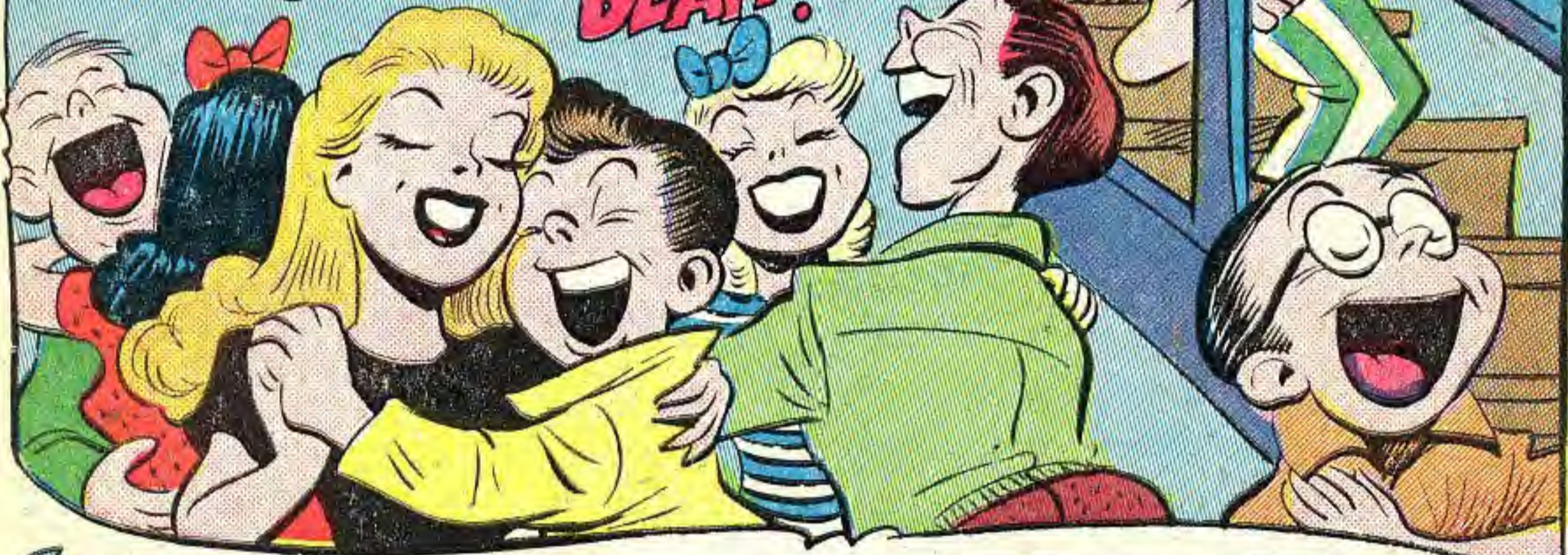
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# COOKIE

SO WHAT!  
NO JAIL  
COULD BE  
WORSE THAN  
THIS  
PLACE IS!

BLOOOP  
BLEEPIDY  
BLEEE  
BLOPP!  
Bloo

BLEE  
BLAH!



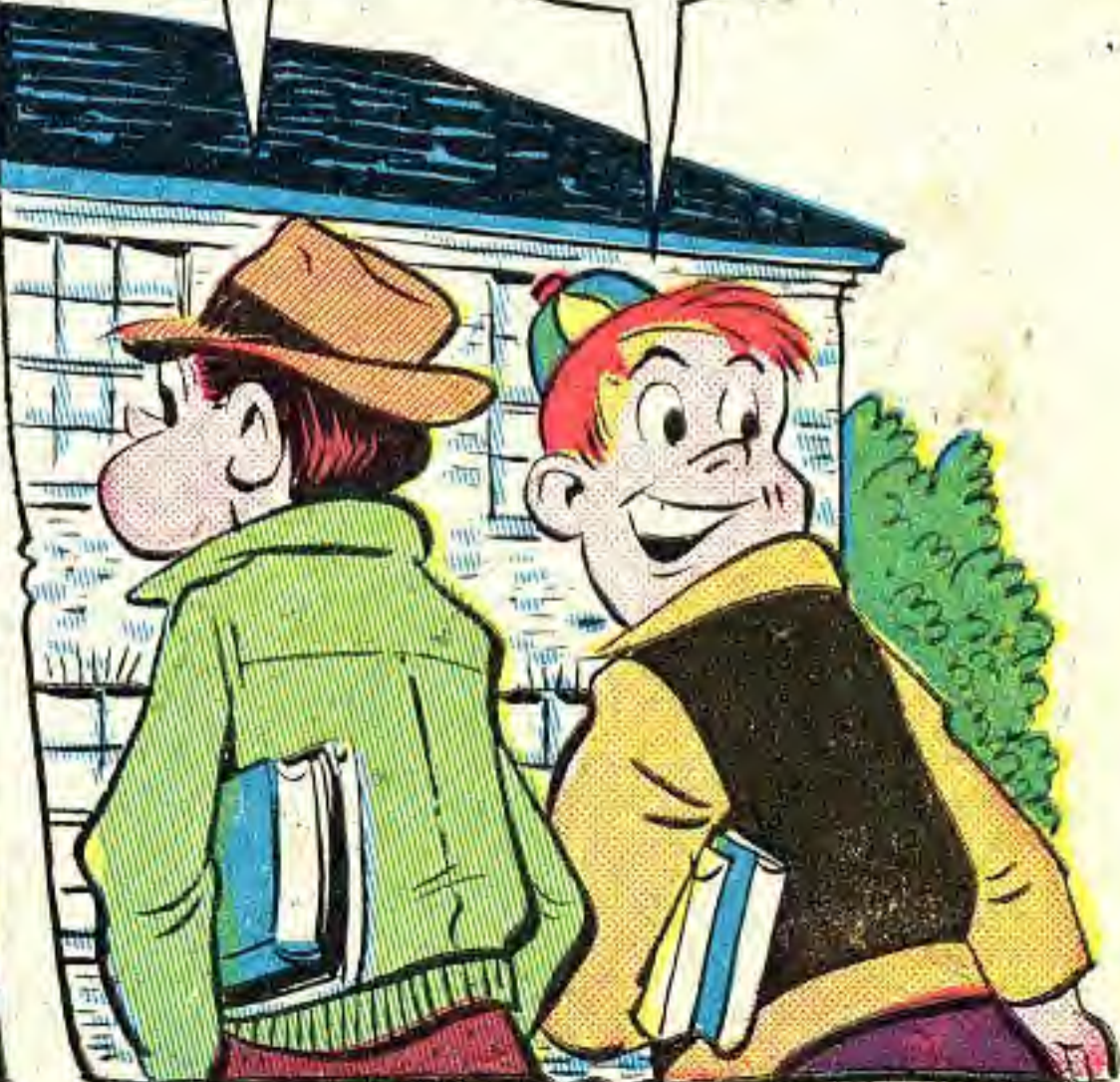
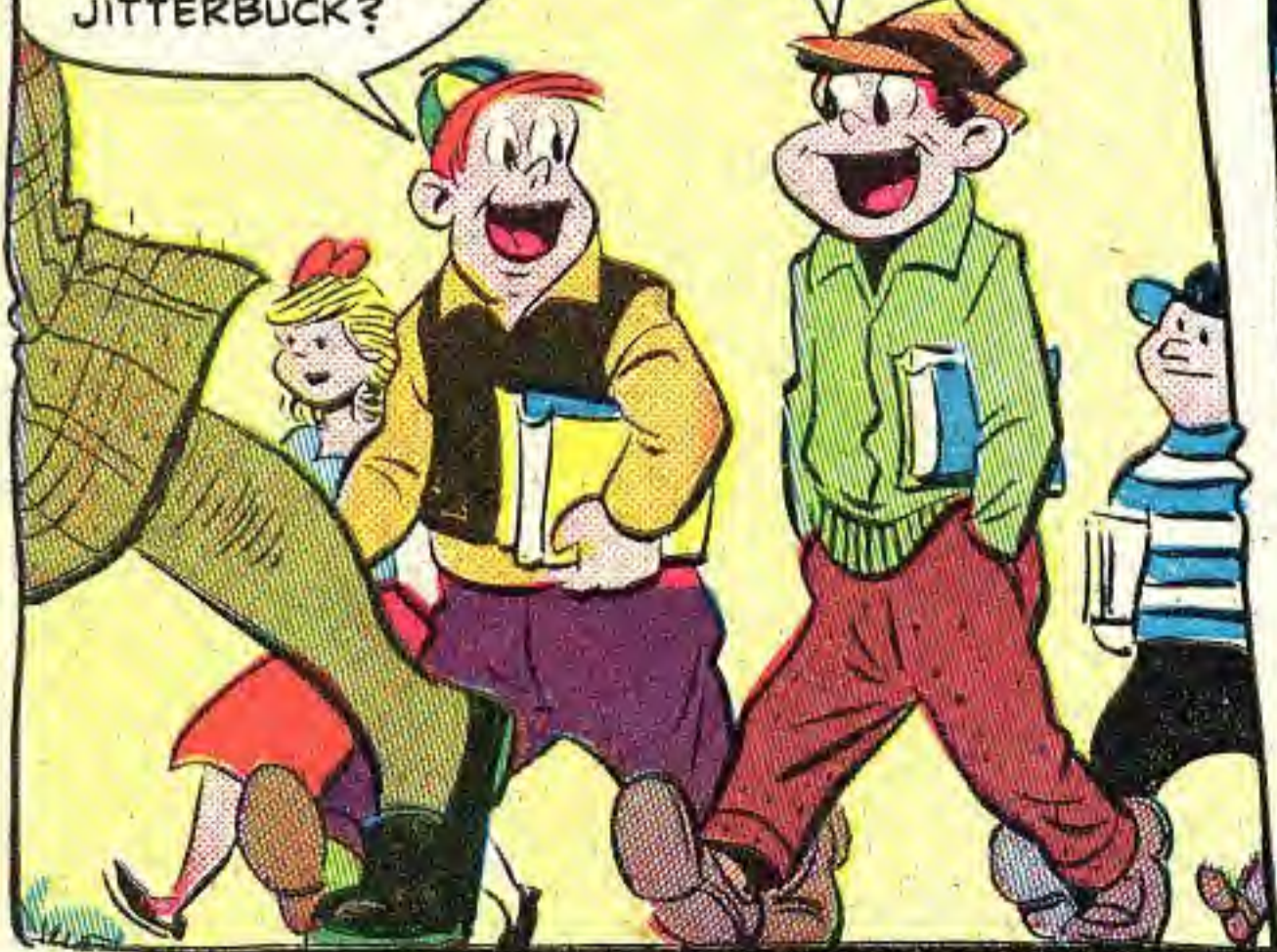
**NEXT MORNING--**

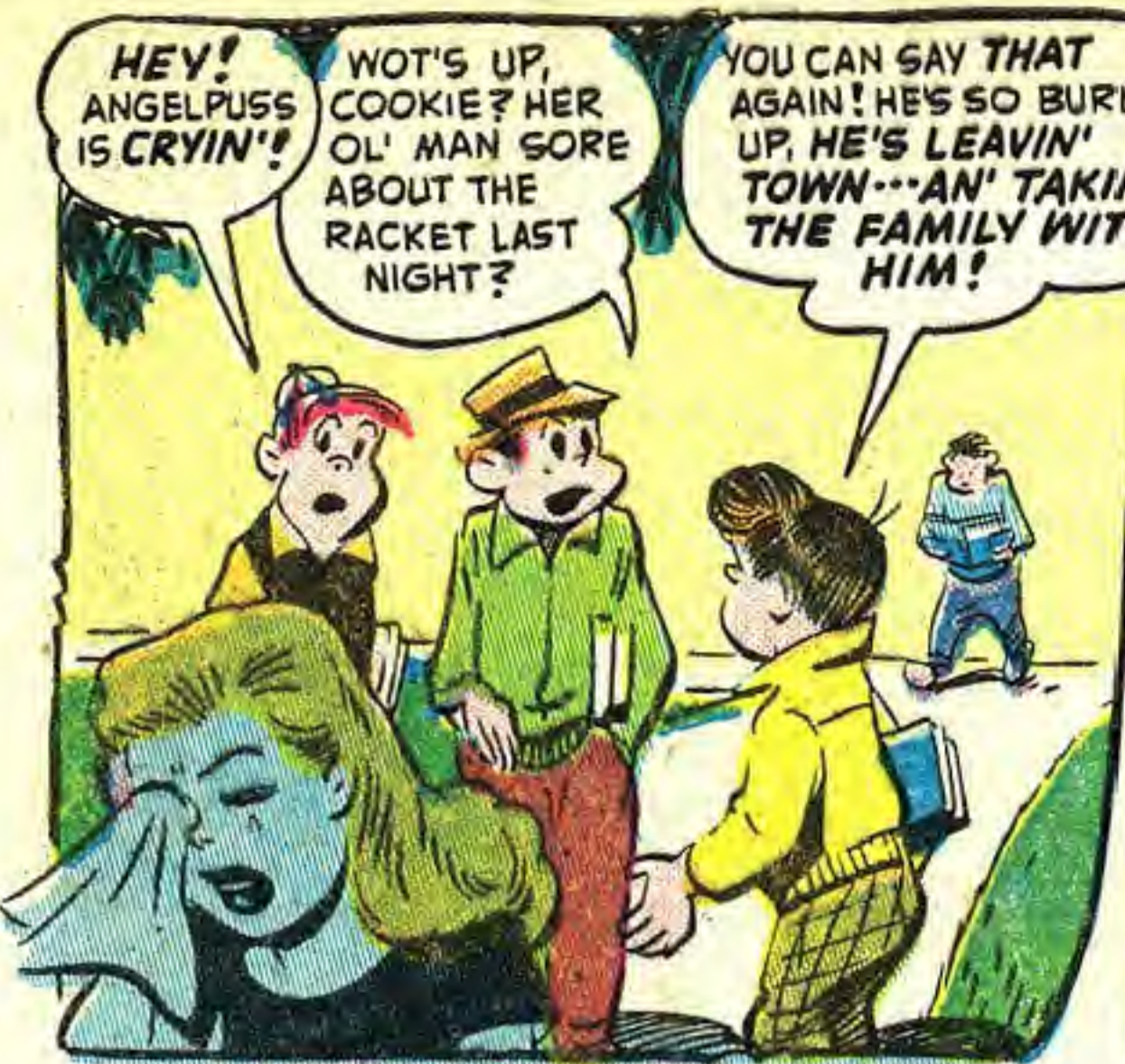
WOW! WAS THAT  
A HOT SESSION AT  
ANGELPUSS'S HOUSE  
LAST NIGHT...HUH,  
JITTERBUCK?

YEAH... BUT DIDJA SEE  
HER OL' MAN?... HE  
ALMOST JUMPED HIS  
TROLLEY FROM THE  
JUMPIN'!

I HAVEN'T SEEN  
**COOKIE** ANY-  
PLACE, HAVE  
YOU?

HERE HE  
COMES NOW  
... WITH  
**ANGEL!**

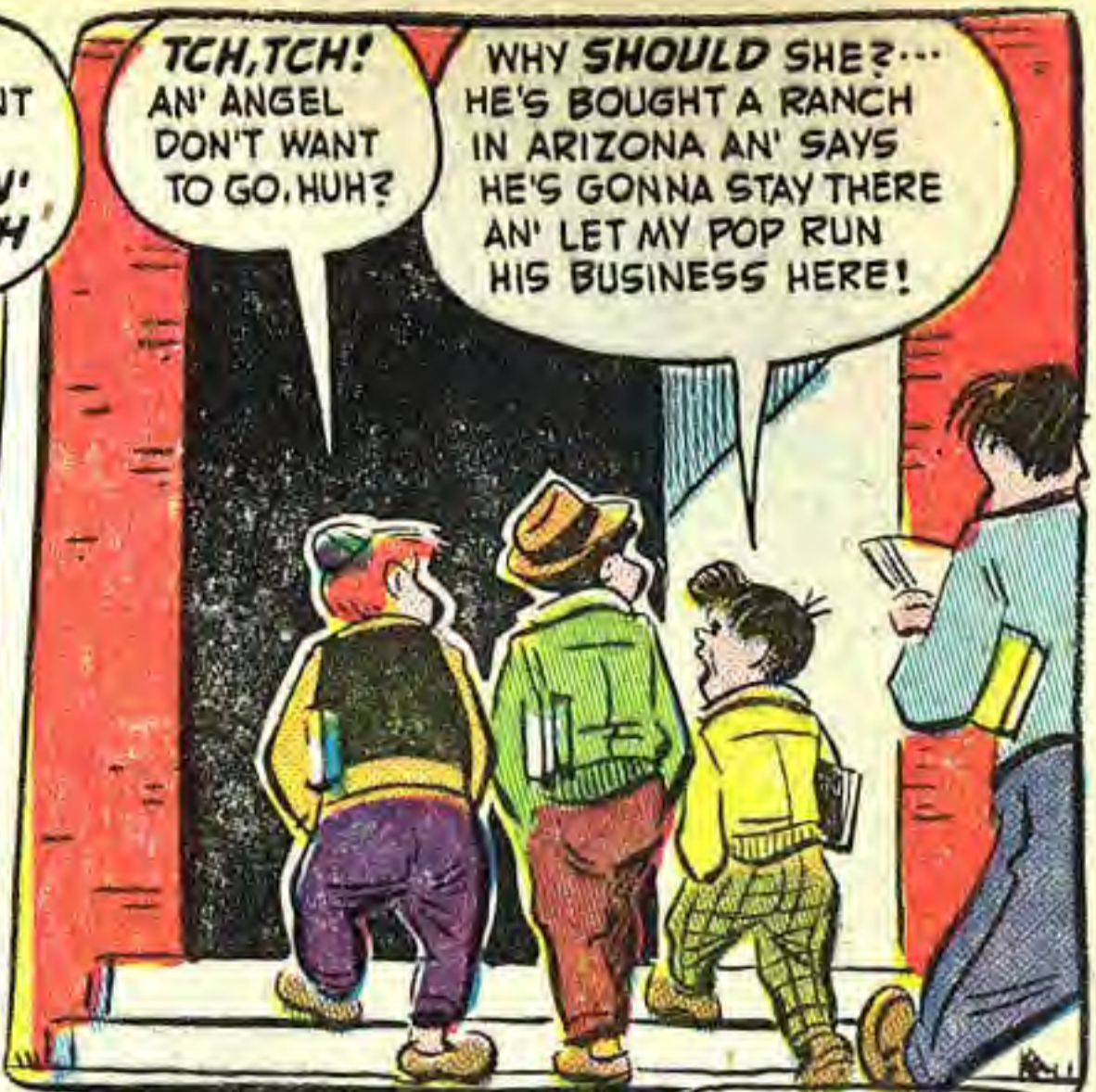




HEY! ANGELPUSS IS CRYIN'!

WOT'S UP, COOKIE? HER OL' MAN SORE ABOUT THE RACKET LAST NIGHT?

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! HE'S SO BURNT UP, HE'S LEAVIN' TOWN...AN' TAKIN' THE FAMILY WITH HIM!



TCH, TCH! AN' ANGELO DON'T WANT TO GO, HUH?

WHY SHOULD SHE?... HE'S BOUGHT A RANCH IN ARIZONA AN' SAYS HE'S GONNA STAY THERE AN' LET MY POP RUN HIS BUSINESS HERE!



GEE, THAT'LL BE NICE FOR YOUR POP, WON'T IT?

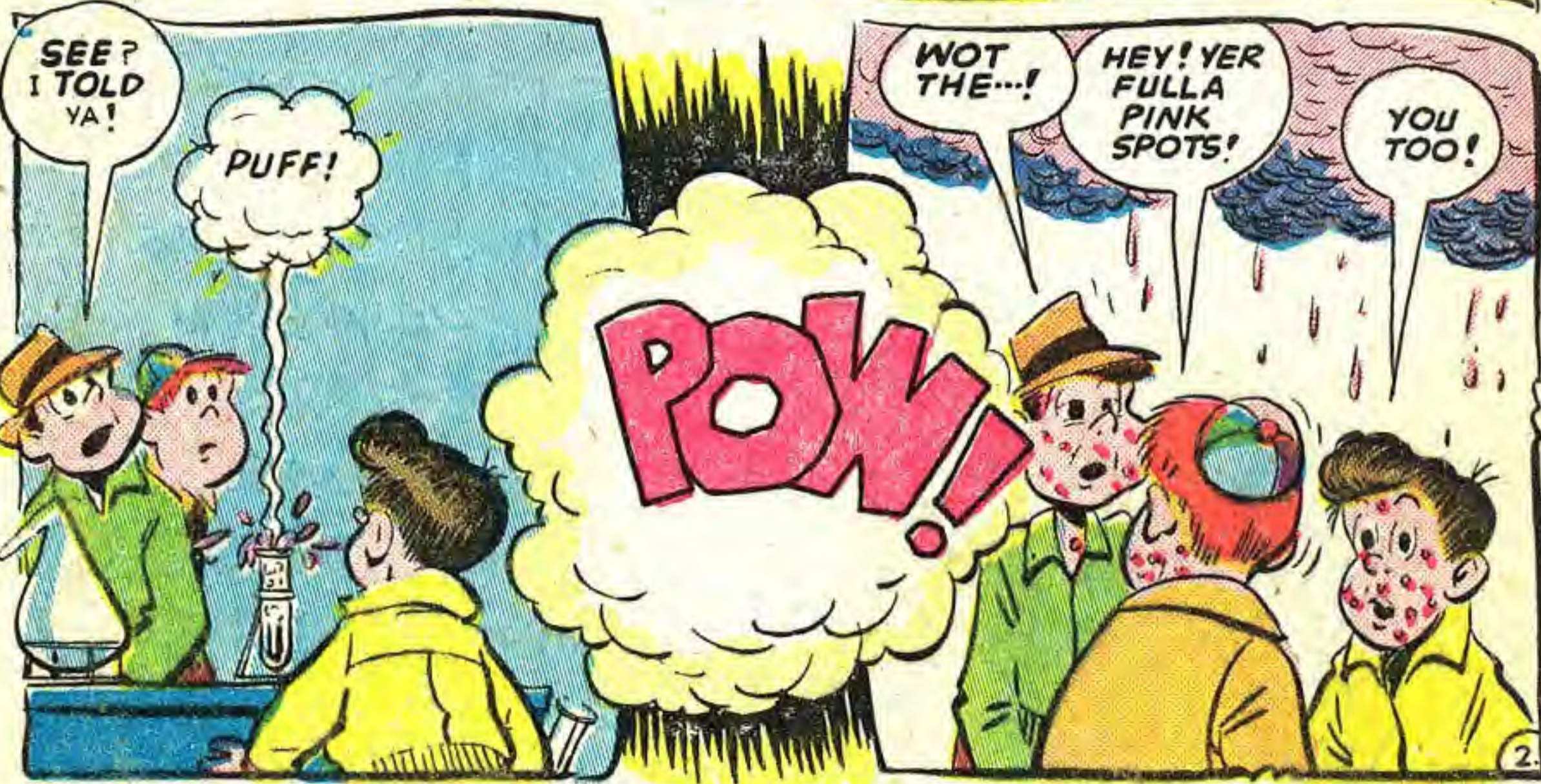
OH, SURE...BUT WOT ABOUT ME AN' ANGELPUSS?... SOB...

CHEMISTRY



HEY, WATCH THAT STUFF, COOKIE! DIDN'T THE PROF SAY THOSE CHEMICALS DON'T MIX, OR SOMETHIN'?

WHO CARES? WHO WANTS A FUTURE WITHOUT LOVE?



SEE? I TOLD YA!

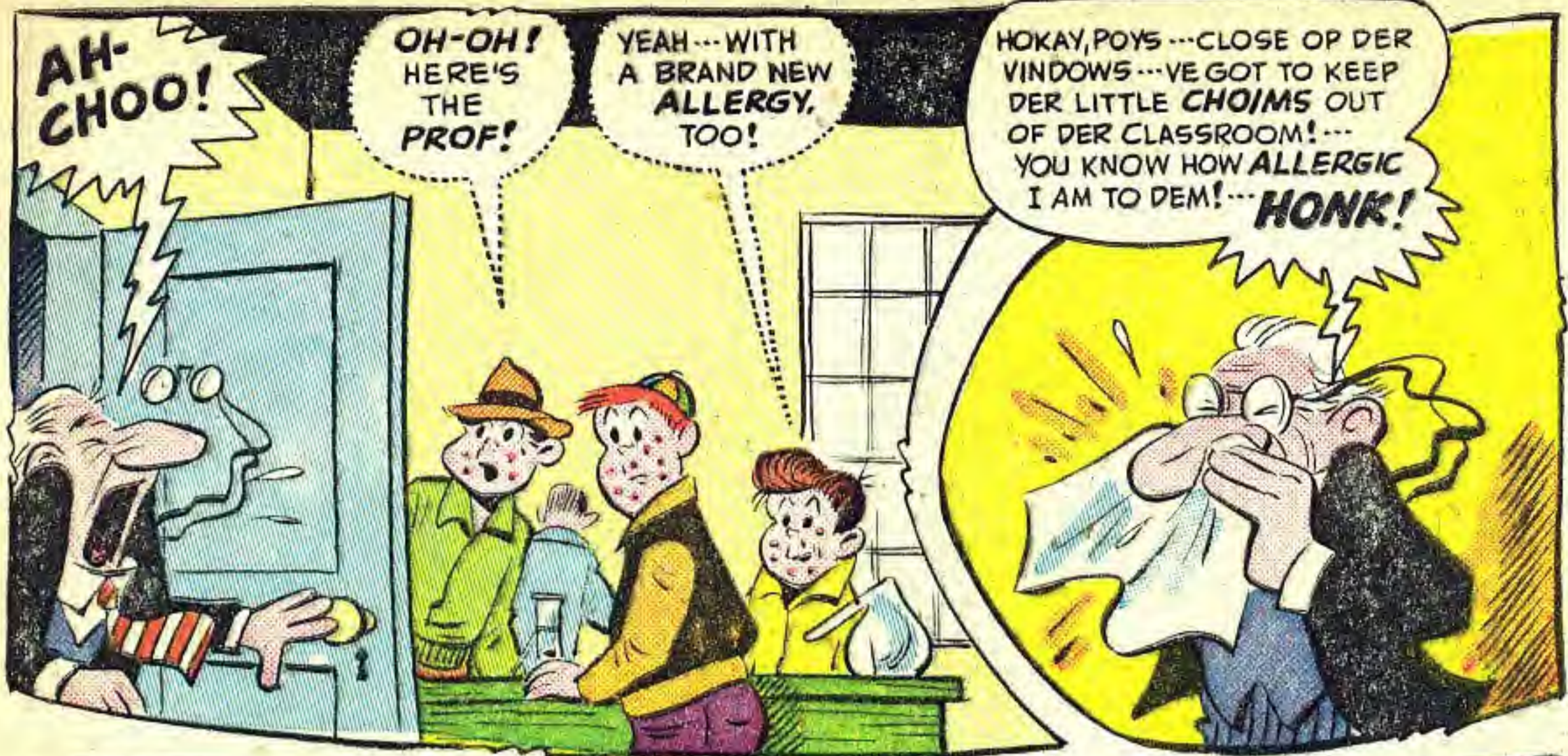
PUFF!

POW!

WOT THE...!

HEY! YER FULLA PINK SPOTS!

YOU TOO!



AH-CHOO!

OH-OH!  
HERE'S  
THE  
PROF!

YEAH... WITH  
A BRAND NEW  
ALLERGY,  
TOO!

HOKAY, POYS... CLOSE OP DER  
VINDOWS... VE GOT TO KEEP  
DER LITTLE CHOIMS OUT  
OF DER CLASSROOM!...  
YOU KNOW HOW ALLERGIC  
I AM TO DEM!... **HONK!**



VOT'S DIS?  
CHICKEN  
POXES, YET!

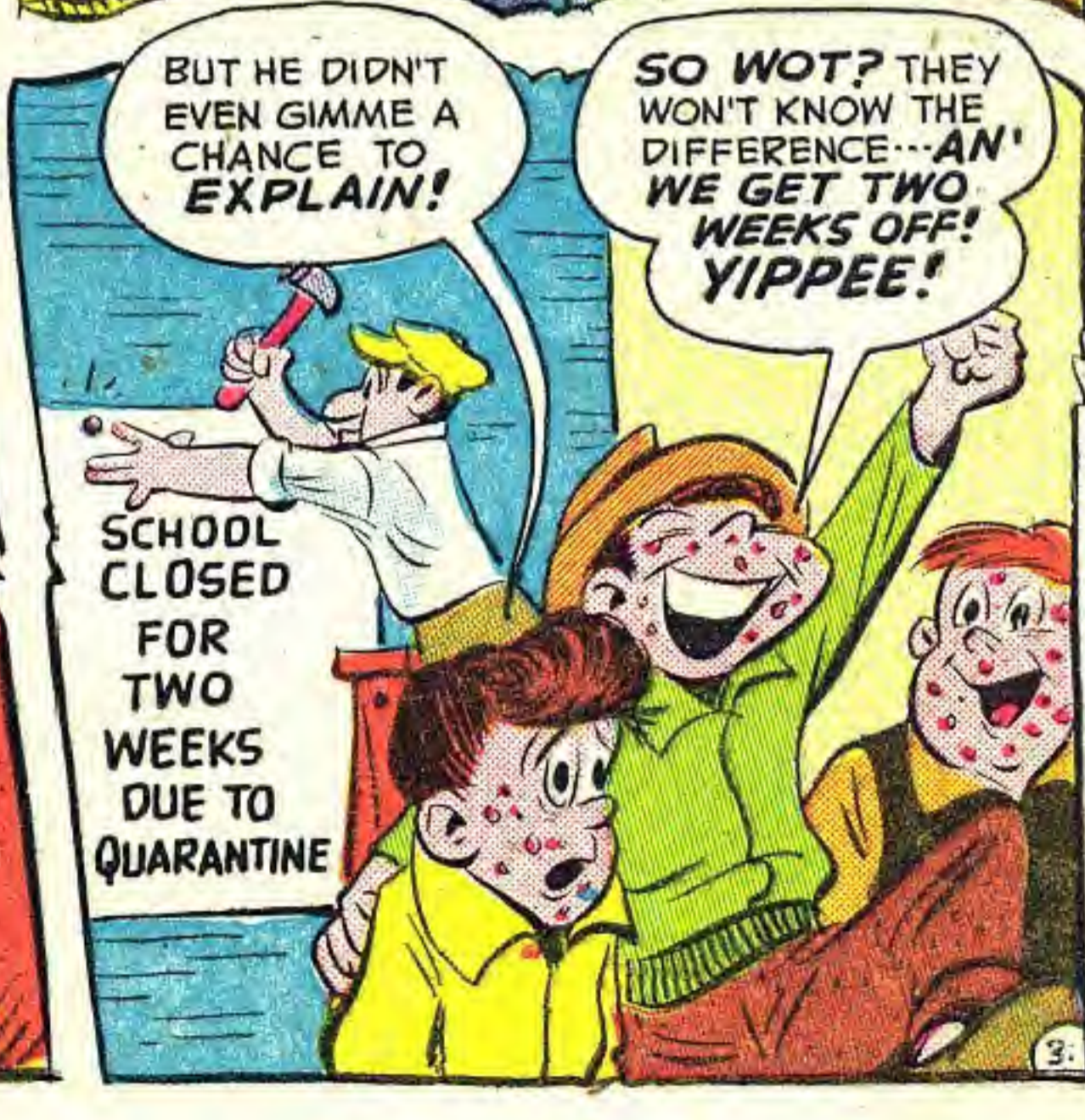
WELL, YOU  
SEE, SIR,  
I WAS...



NO, NO... DON'T  
COME CLOSER!  
... ACH!



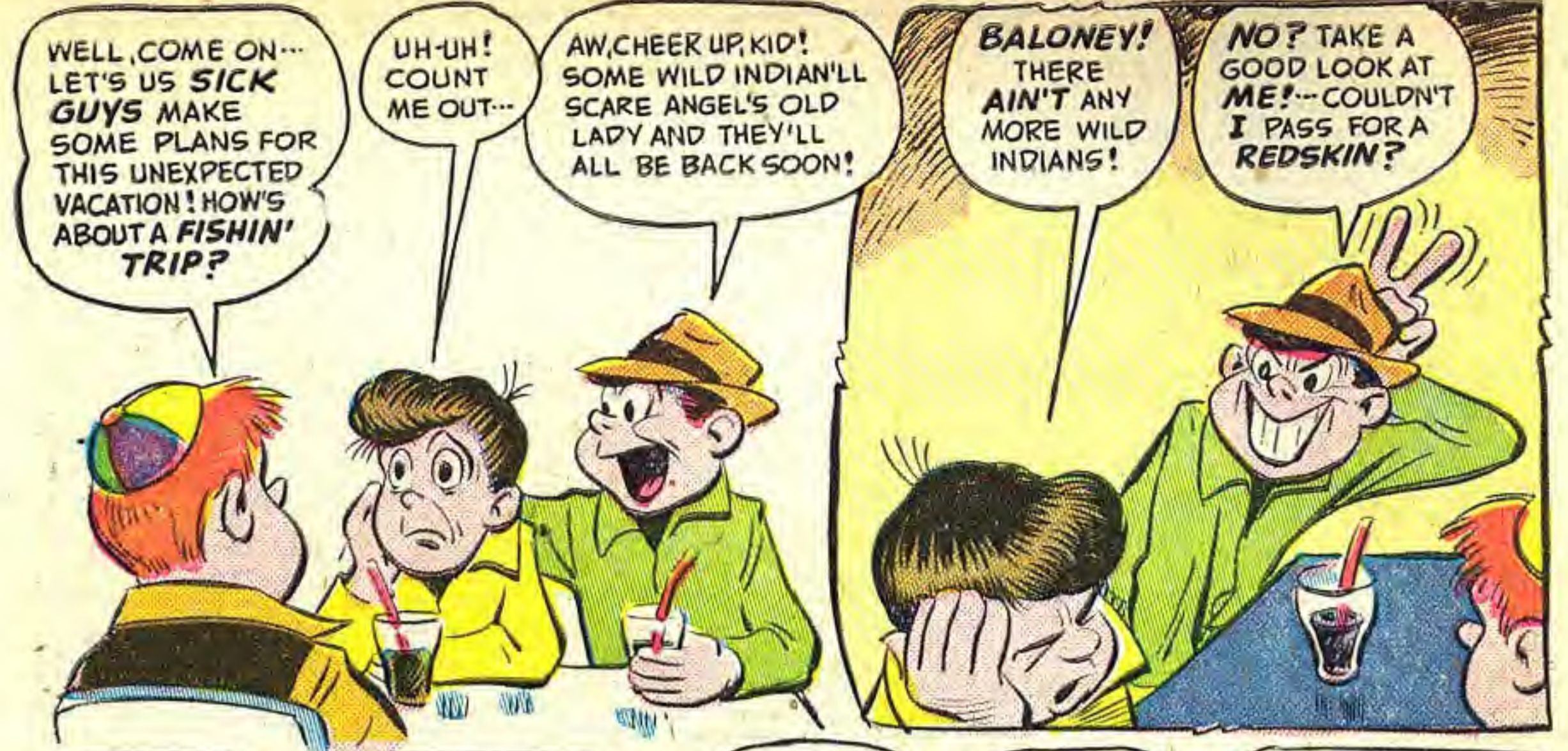
**HALP!** A EPIDEMIC  
YET! CLOSE DER  
SCHOOL! QUARANTINE  
DER CLASSROOMS!  
**HALP!**



BUT HE DIDN'T  
EVEN GIMME A  
CHANCE TO  
EXPLAIN!

SO WOT? THEY  
WON'T KNOW THE  
DIFFERENCE... AN'  
WE GET TWO  
WEEKS OFF!  
YIPPEE!

SCHOOL  
CLOSED  
FOR  
TWO  
WEEKS  
DUE TO  
QUARANTINE



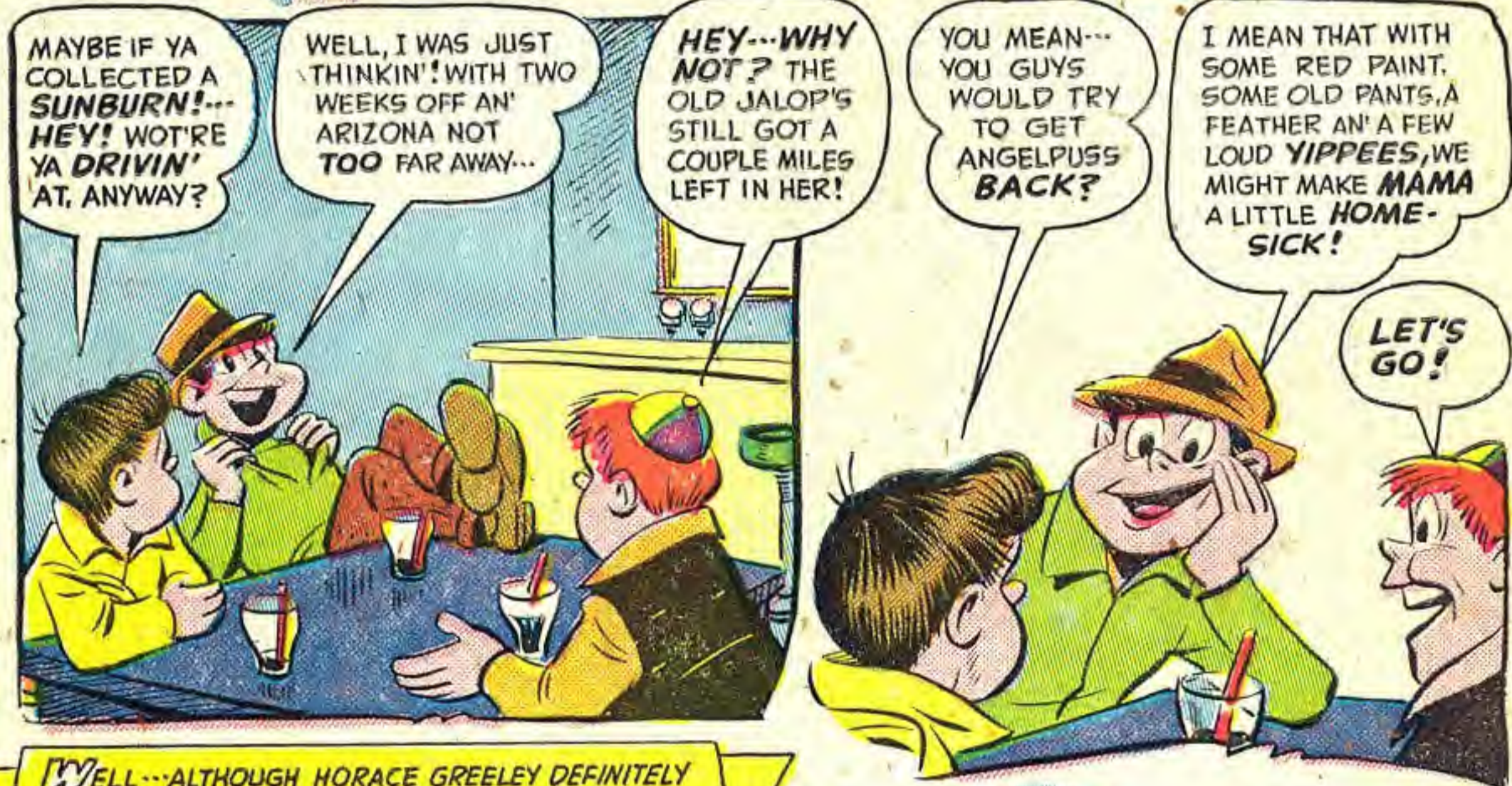
WELL, COME ON... LET'S US **SICK GUYS** MAKE SOME PLANS FOR THIS UNEXPECTED VACATION! HOW'S ABOUT A **FISHIN' TRIP?**

UH-UH! COUNT ME OUT...

AW, CHEER UP, KID! SOME WILD INDIAN'LL SCARE ANGEL'S OLD LADY AND THEY'LL ALL BE BACK SOON!

**BALONEY!** THERE AIN'T ANY MORE WILD INDIANS!

**NO? TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME!... COULDN'T I PASS FOR A REDSKIN?**



MAYBE IF YA COLLECTED A **SUNBURN!**... **HEY!** WOT'RE YA **DRIVIN' AT**, ANYWAY?

WELL, I WAS JUST THINKIN'! WITH TWO WEEKS OFF AN' ARIZONA NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

**HEY... WHY NOT?** THE OLD JALOP'S STILL GOT A COUPLE MILES LEFT IN HER!

YOU MEAN... YOU GUYS WOULD TRY TO GET ANGELPUSS **BACK?**

I MEAN THAT WITH SOME RED PAINT, SOME OLD PANTS, A FEATHER AN' A FEW LOUD **YIPPEES**, WE MIGHT MAKE **MAMA** A LITTLE **HOME-SICK!**

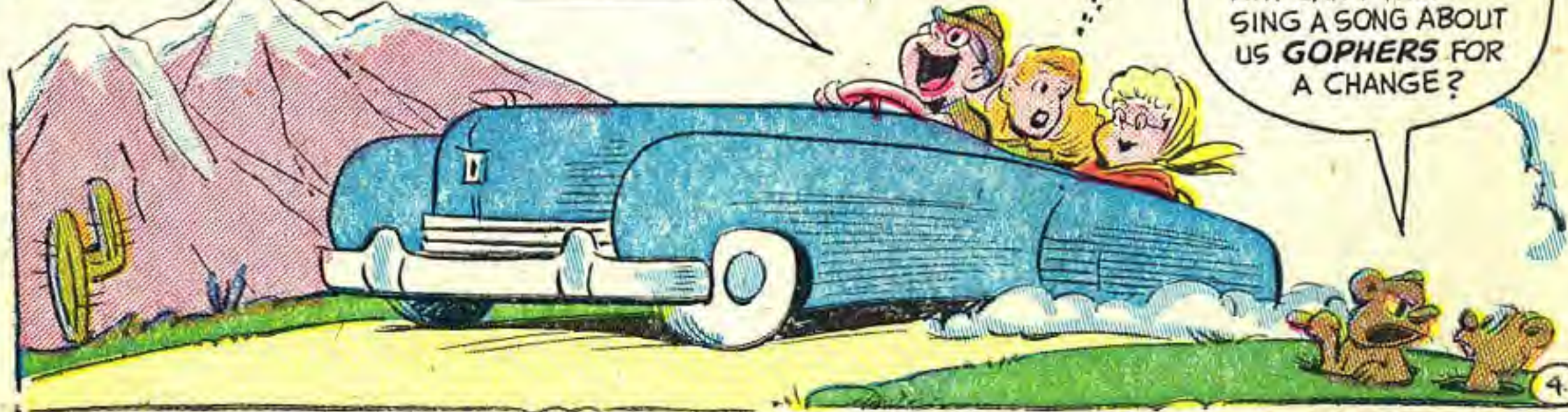
**LET'S GO!**

**WELL... ALTHOUGH HORACE GREELEY DEFINITELY SAID "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN," HERE WE HAVE ANGELPUSS'S OLD MAN TAKING UP THE CHALLENGE!**

OH, GIVE ME A HOME...  
WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM...  
AN' THE DEER AN' THE DUM  
DEE DEE DUM...

AND HE'S THE ONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE **BE-BOP!**

ALWAYS IT'S **BUFFALO... DEER... ANTELOPES!** WHY CAN'T THEY SING A SONG ABOUT US **GOPHERS** FOR A CHANGE?



AND NOT FAR BEHIND...

WHERE'S ALL THOSE BUFFALO AN' DEER AN' ANTELOPES THEY SING ABOUT? I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE YET!

THERE IT GOES AGAIN! IT'S DRIVIN' ME CA-RAZEE!

HEY, WATCH IT, COOKIE... THERE'S A LAKE ACROSS THE ROAD! LOOK!

AW, THAT'S JUST A MIRAGE... THE WEST IS FULLA THEM!

WOT'S A MIRAGE?

SOMETHIN' YA SEE THAT'S REALLY NOT THERE... JUST AN OPTICAL ILLUSION!

WOT THE...!

SPLASH!

THAT OPTICAL ILLUSION SOAKED ME TO THE SKIN!

OH WELL, WE'RE ALMOST AT THE RANCH... SO LET'S GET INTO OUR INDIAN OUTFITS NOW!

HEH-HEH! BET YOU TENDERFEET THOUGHT THAT WAS A MIRAGE!



AND AS THE SUN SINKS BEHIND THE WESTERN HILLS...



WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, DAUGHTER ... I'M TIRED!

I AM, TOO! YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE ON GUARD ALL NIGHT?

OF COURSE, MADAM... I MEAN... SHUCKS, MA'AM... SHORE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE MAMA! SHE'S AFRAID OF INDIANS!

SHUCKS, MISS, THEY AIN'T NO INJUNS AROUND THESE PARTS! LEASTWAYS, NO WILD ONES!

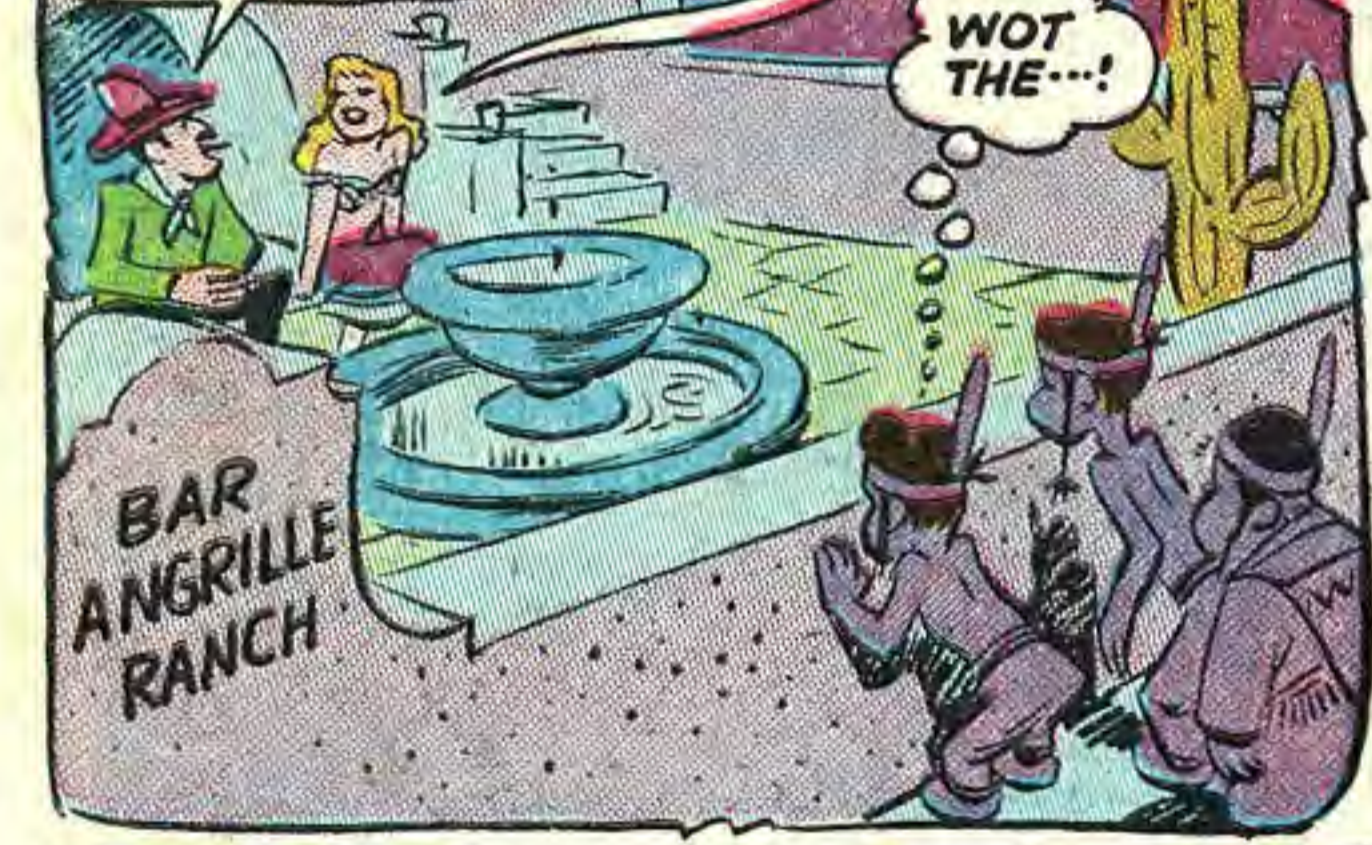


SHUCKS, ME AN' THE TEXAS RANGERS DONE PUT A HALT TO THEIR SHENANIGANS WHEN I WAS JUST A YEARLIN'!

OH, HOW THRILLING! TELL ME ABOUT IT!

HOW D'YA LIKE THAT! ALL THE WAY TO ARIZONA TO SAVE HER... AN' SHE FALLS FOR THAT PHONEY'S LINE!

SHUCKS, IT WAS NOTHIN' ... BLAH ... HERO ... BLAH ... BLAH...



WOT THE...!



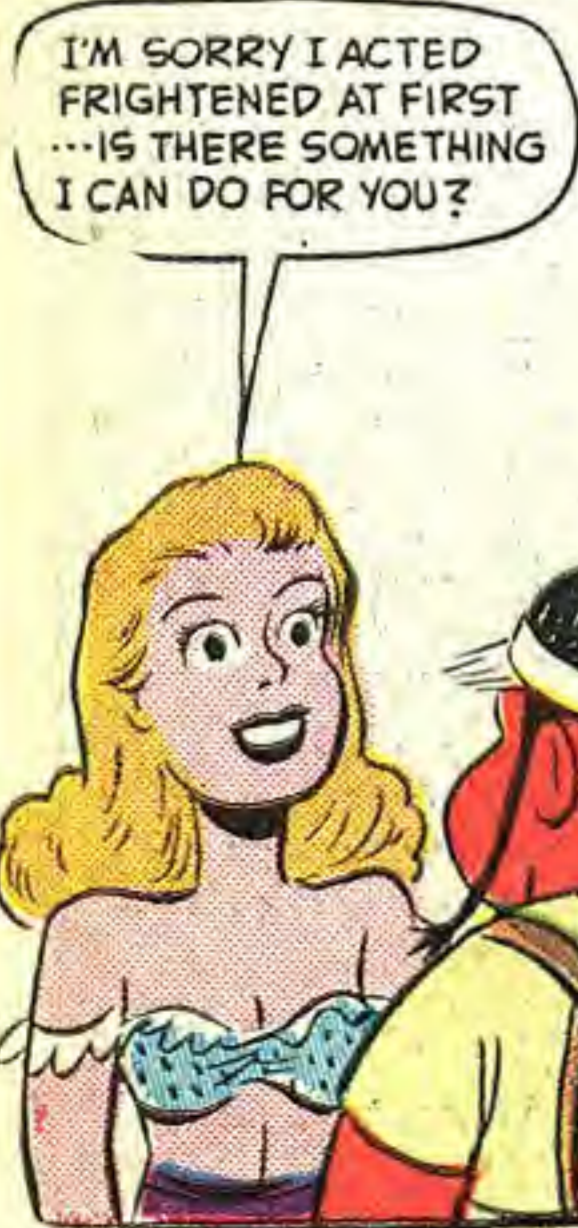
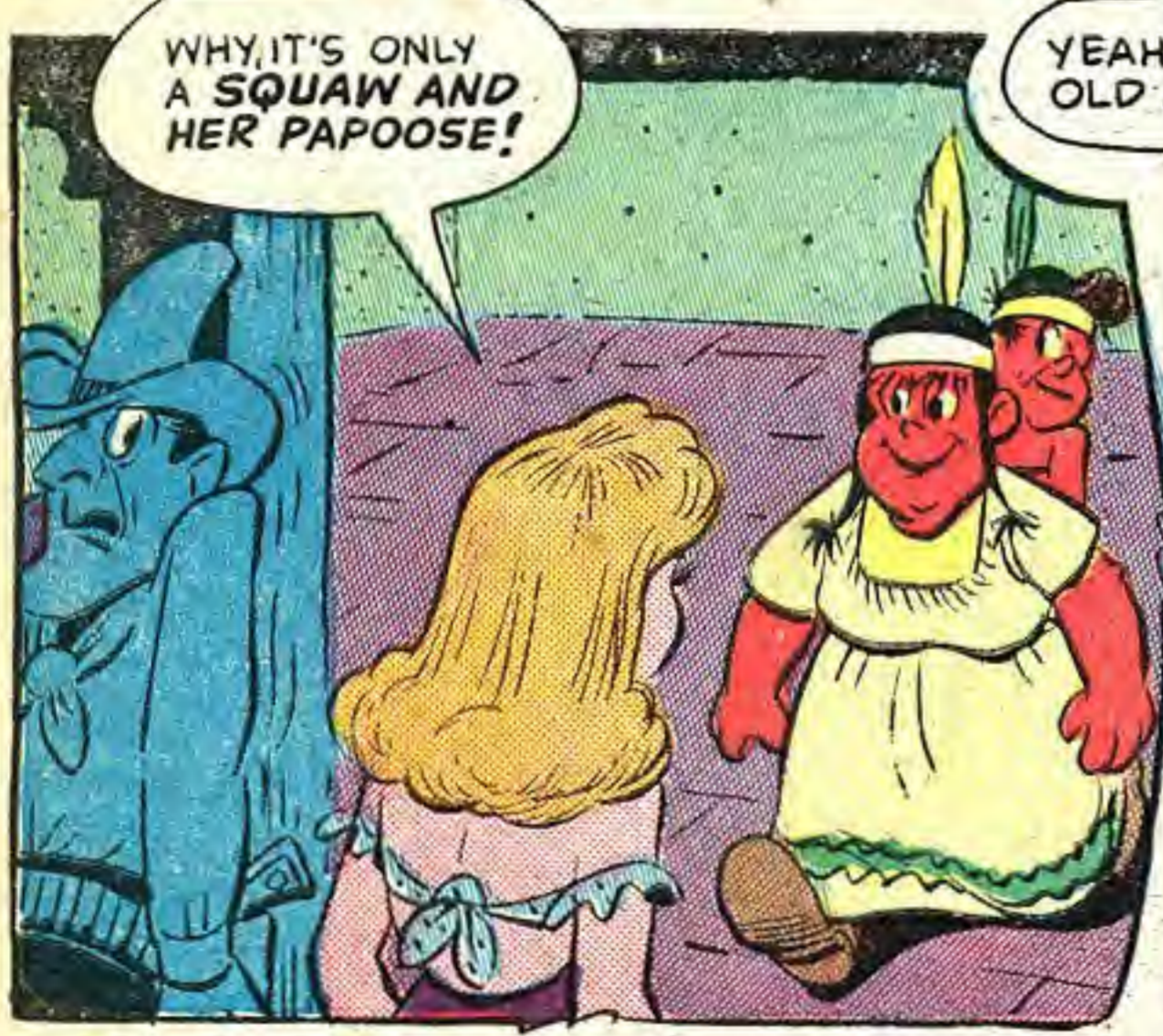
WELL, WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL GET DRESSED AN' GO HOME! IF ANGEL LIKES IT HERE, THERE'S NO POINT IN SPOILING IT FOR HER! C'MON!

NOT ME! I'M GOIN' IN AN' PUNCH THAT HIGH-HEELED HEEL ON HIS HONKER!

WAIT, COOKIE! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL... LET'S GO THROUGH WITH THE INDIAN ACT!

THEN LET'S GO, BEFORE I BLOW... MY TOP, THAT IS!

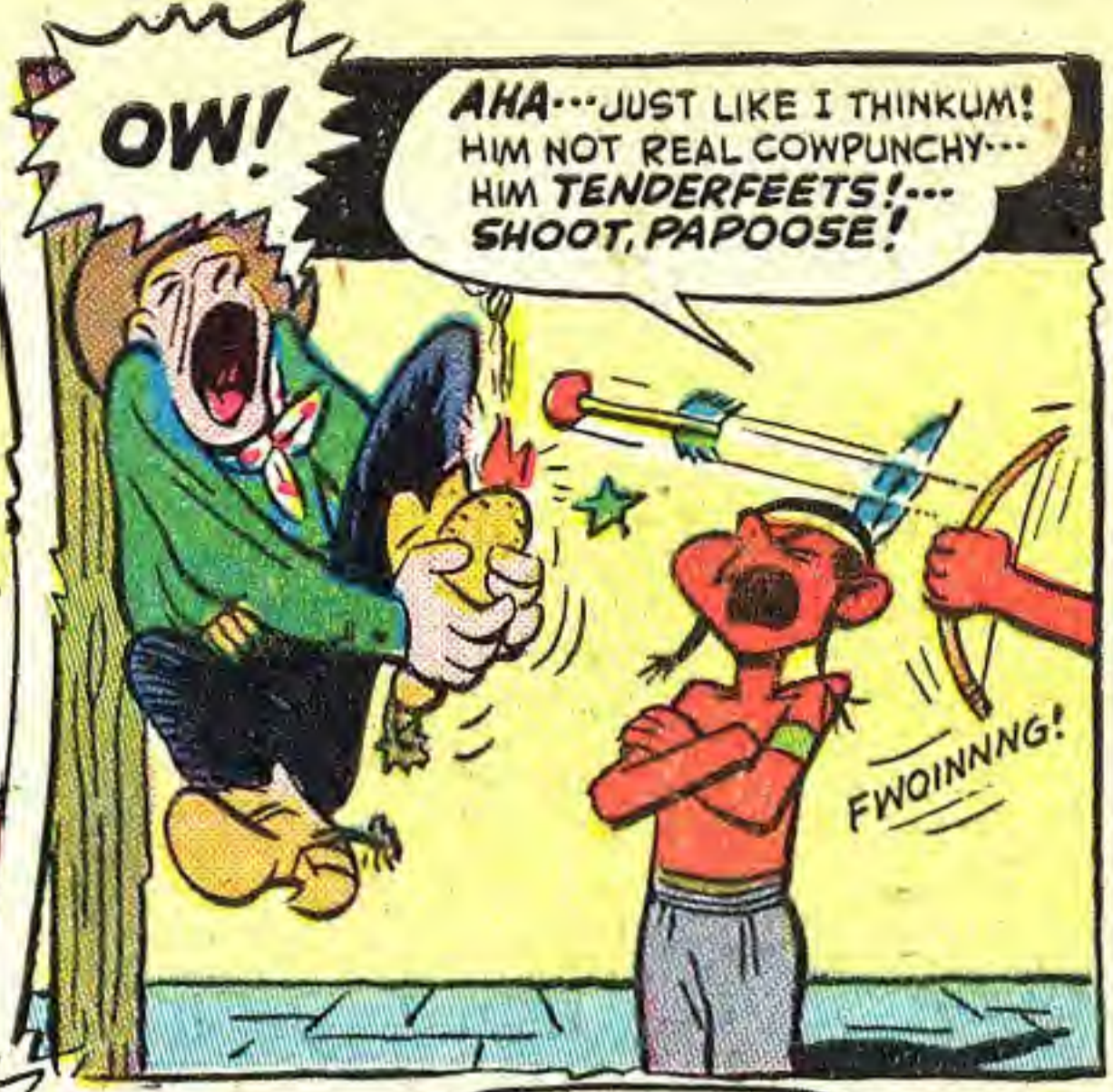






HEY, WOT'RE YOU DOIN'?

PRETTY SOON FIND OUT IFFUM REAL COWPUNCHY!



OW!

AHA...JUST LIKE I THINKUM! HIM NOT REAL COWPUNCHY... HIM TENDERFEETS!... SHOOT, PAPOOSE!

FWOINNING!



WHOP!

HALP! I'M DYING! I'VE BEEN PIERCED!

IMPOSSIBLE...IT'S ONLY A RUBBER DART!

NOT ONLY HIM HAVE TENDERFEETS...HIM HAVE TENDER HIDE, TOO!

HALP!

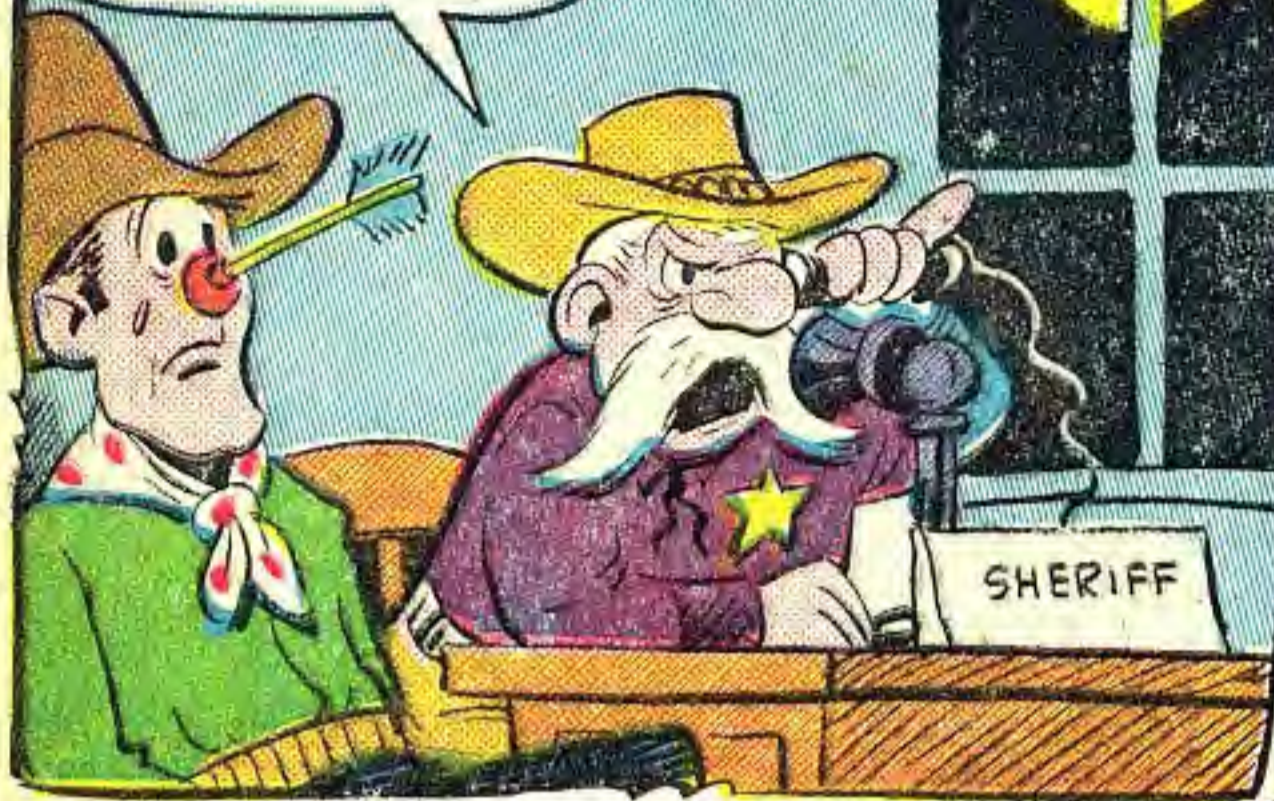


HI-HO, STUDEBAKER...AWAAAY...YYY!

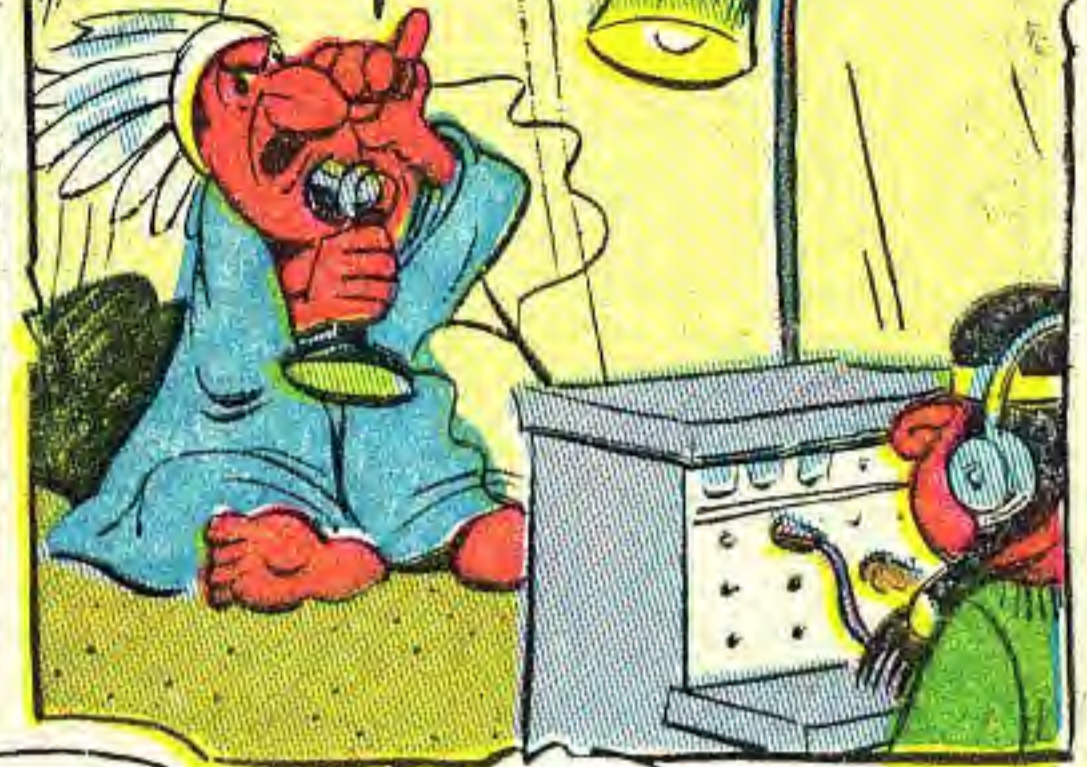
FOR GOSH SAKES, WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

ULP! RED CAPS...I MEAN, RED-SKINS!

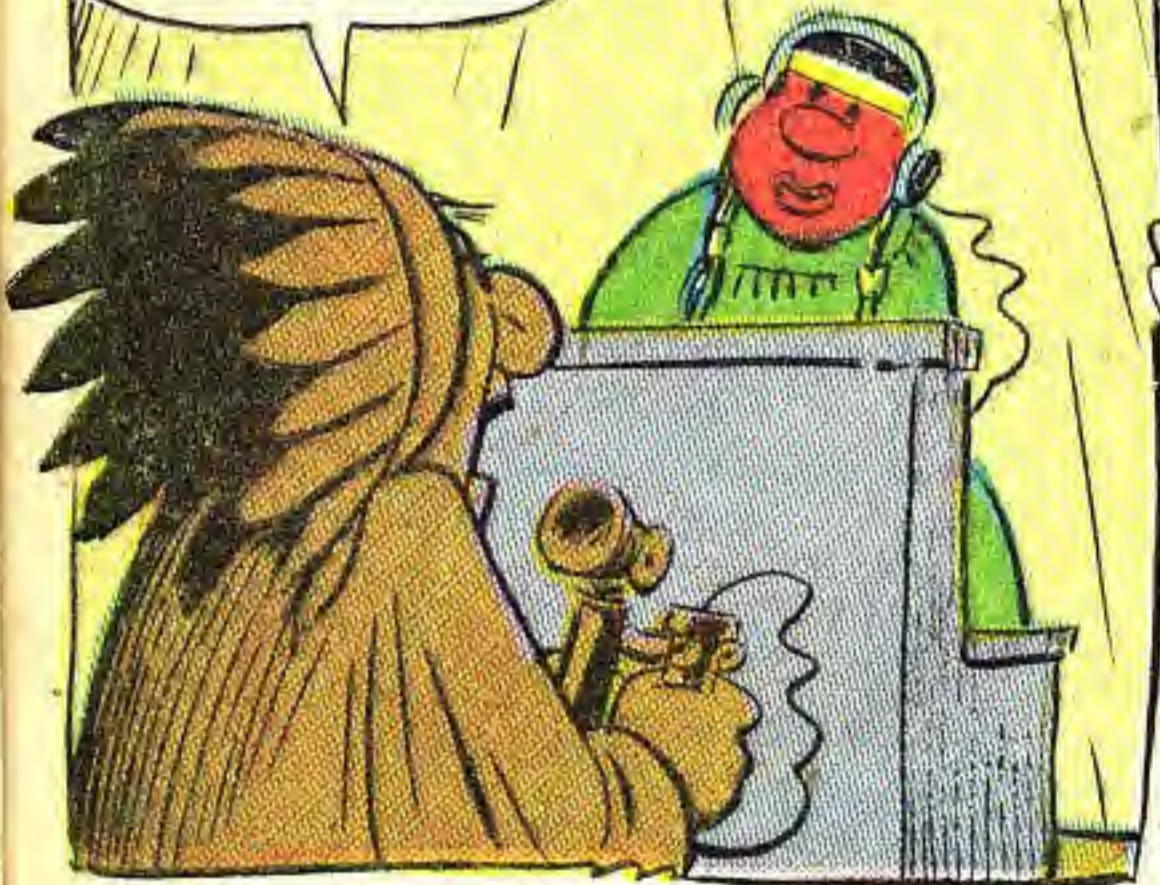
SAY, CHIEF, I GOT A VARMINT HERE WHO SAYS THERE'S SOME OF YOUR REDSKINS RUNNIN' AMUCK OVER AT THE **BAR ANGRILLE RANCH**... THE PLACE THEM EASTERNERS JUST PUT CLAIM TO!



THIS AWFUL! BRING SHAME ON MY GOOD PEOPLE! **ME FIX PRONTO!**



NEEDUM BIG STRONG BRAVE! FETCHUM MY SON, CHIEF RUNNING NOSE!



**HOW!**

---NOW---  
**BROWN---  
COW!**



STOPPUM SILLY TALK AN' FETCH ME BAD REDSKINS AT **BAR ANGRILLE RANCH**!

OH, GEE!  
...**OKAY,  
POPS!**



HOW'S A GUY EVER GONNA GET THROUGH CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL RUNNING AROUND ALL NIGHT?





HERE THEY ARE, POP!  
BUT THEY'RE NOT  
**REAL** INDIANS!

**HOW!...**  
...I MEAN,  
**HOW**  
**COME?**

**AND SO THE WHOLE  
PLOT IS EXPOSED---**

SO YOU SEE, CHIEF,  
IT'S ONLY BECAUSE  
COOKIE'S **NUTS**  
ABOUT ANGELPUSS  
THAT WE DID THIS!

THEN YOU THINKUM IF  
PALEFACE PAPA IS MADE  
**UNHAPPY**, HE GO BACK  
HOME AN' TAKUM SWEET-  
HEART OF YOU WITH HIM?



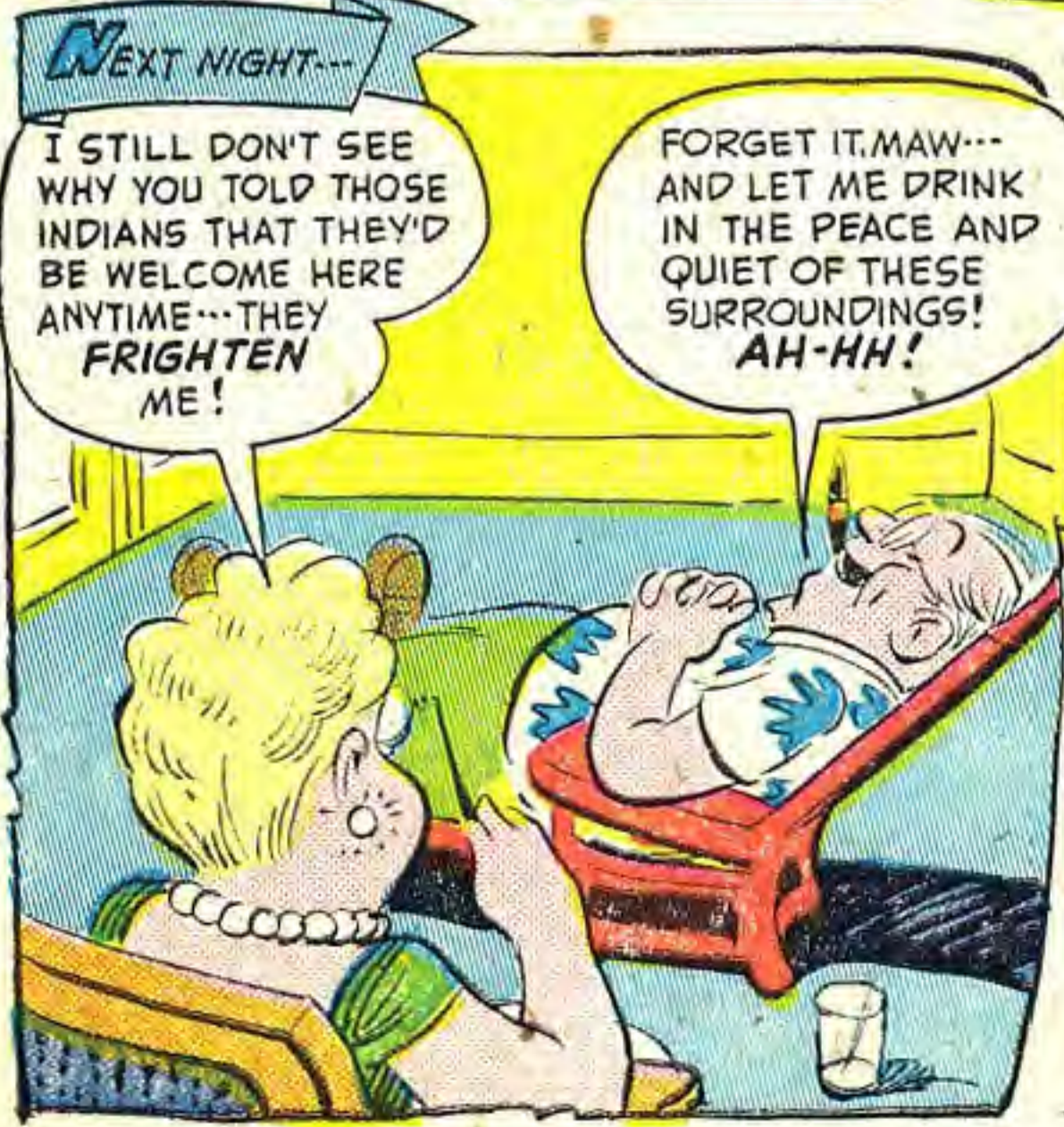
**EXACTLY,**  
CHIEF!

**UGH!** IN THAT CASE,  
WE MAKE BIG PARTY  
...AN' I MAKE BIG  
WAMPUM!



**HURRAY!**

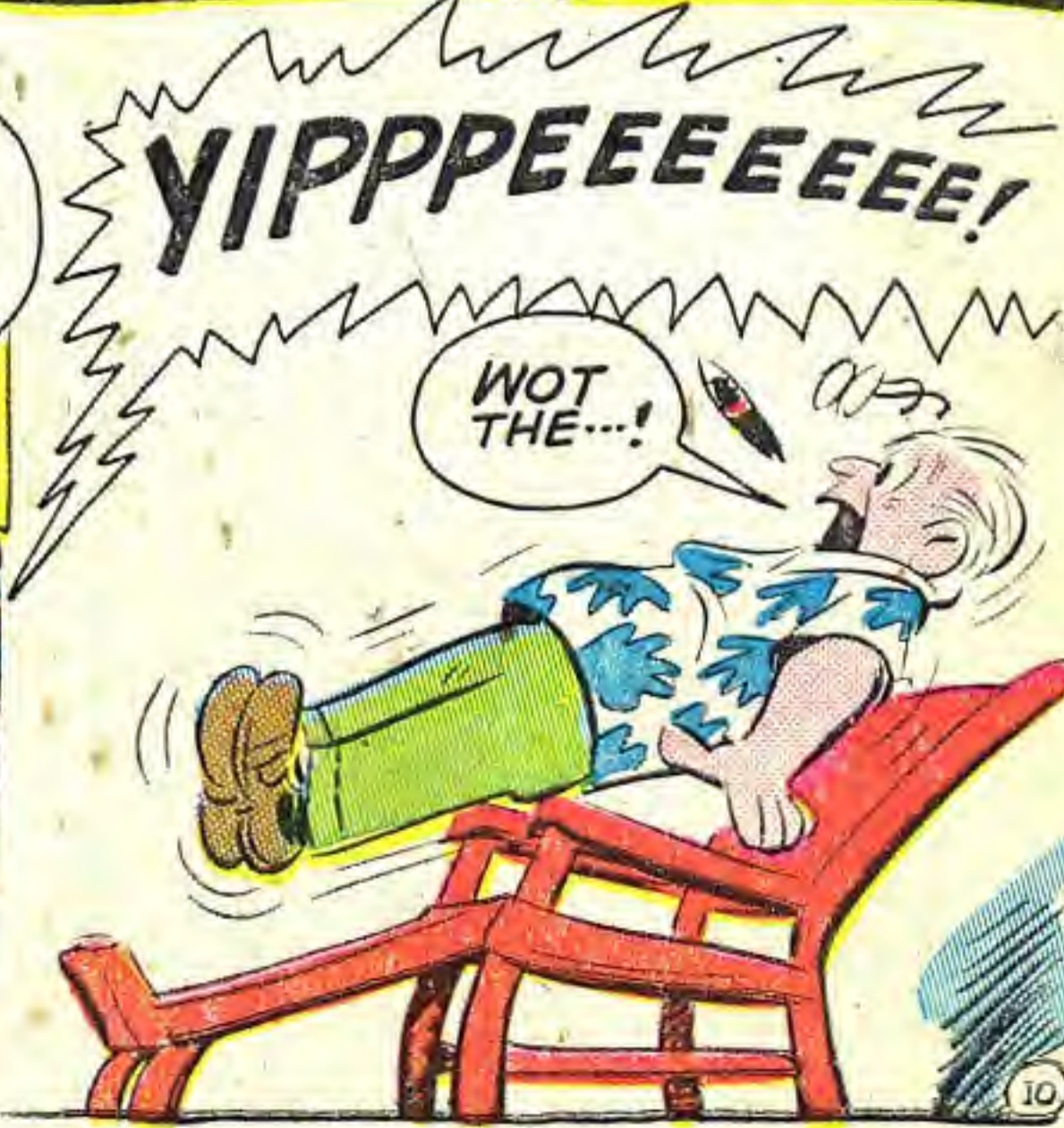
**BIG DANCE**  
at  
**BAR ANGRILLE**  
**RANCH**  
TOMORROW NIGHT!  
TICKETS **50** CENTS!  
**PAY CHIEF!**



**NEXT NIGHT---**

I STILL DON'T SEE  
WHY YOU TOLD THOSE  
INDIANS THAT THEY'D  
BE WELCOME HERE  
ANYTIME...THEY  
**FRIGHTEN**  
ME!

FORGET IT, MAW...  
AND LET ME DRINK  
IN THE PEACE AND  
QUIET OF THESE  
SURROUNDINGS!  
**AH-HH!**



**YIPPEEEEEEE!**

**WOT**  
**THE...!**



HOW...AN' UGH!  
WE COME TO  
DANCE FOR  
PALEFACE  
NEIGHBOR!

ER...WHY, SURE,  
SURE! COME  
ON IN!



BUT I THOUGHT YOU  
LEFT THE EAST TO  
GET AWAY FROM  
MUSIC AND DANC-  
ING!

THIS IS DIFFERENT,  
MAW! THIS IS INDIAN  
STUFF...ROMANTIC  
...YOU KNOW, THE OLD  
WEST AND ALL THAT!  
**RELAX...AND  
LISTEN!**



THAT'S  
IT, BOYS  
...SWING  
HIM!

**BEE-BOP!**  
**BLOOPA BLEEPITY**  
**BLEE BLOO**  
**BE-BOP!**

NO...NO...  
IT CAN'T  
BE! IT...

**BLEE  
BLOO!**



BUT DADDY!  
WHAT WILL THE  
INDIANS THINK  
IF WE LEAVE  
LIKE THIS...?

WHO CARES  
WHAT THEY  
THINK...WE'RE  
GOIN' HOME!



BUT WHAT  
WILL YOU DO  
WITH THE  
RANCH?

I'LL  
THINK  
OF  
SOME-  
THING!

OH,  
BOY!  
IT  
WORKED!

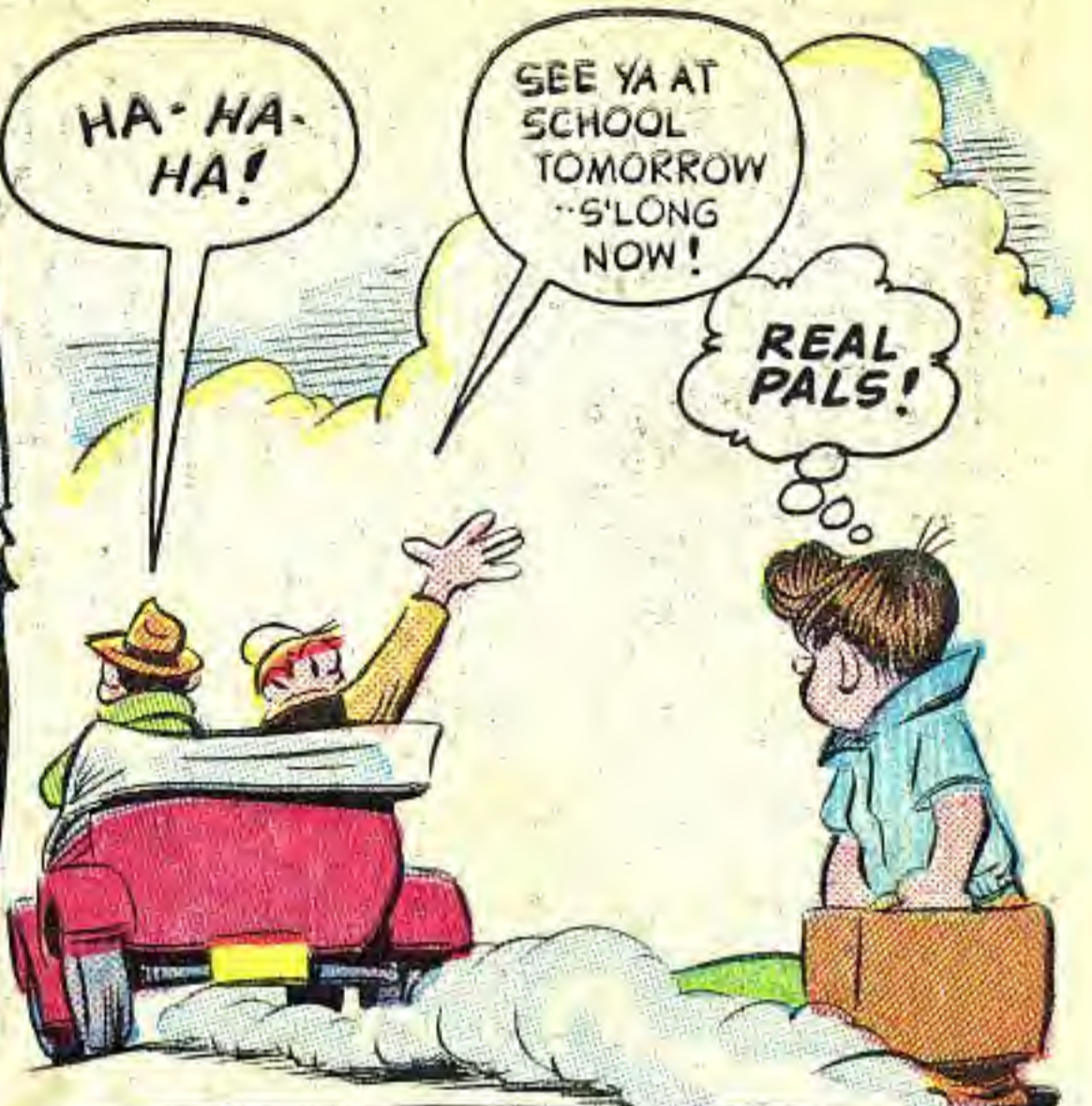
...SO  
LET'S GET  
THE JALOP  
AND HEAD  
EAST TOO!

**MANY DUSTY MILES AND DAYS LATER...**



WELL, FELLAS, HERE WE ARE HOME AGAIN! AN' A HEAP BIG THANKS FOR HELPIN' ME OUT!

HOW!



HA-HA-HA!

SEE YA AT SCHOOL TOMORROW 'S'LONG NOW!

REAL PALS!



HI, MOM! HI, POP! ...BOY, WOT A STORY I HAVE TO TELL YOU!

WAIT, COOKIE... YOUR FATHER HAS A STORY TO TELL YOU FIRST!



WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, SON! MR. WITHERSPOON HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE WEST, AND HAS DECIDED TO SEND ME OUT THERE TO RUN HIS RANCH FOR HIM WHILE HE RESUMES THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS BUSINESS HERE!

SO WE'RE ALL GOING OUT TO ARIZONA! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

GULP!

**NEXT DAY, AT SCHOOL...**



YA SAY YOU'LL BE STUCK OUT THERE WITH ANGEL-PUSS HERE... UNLESS WE BECOME INDIANS AND HEAD OUT WEST AGAIN? BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA GET TIME OFF FROM SCHOOL?

REMEMBER THAT CHICKEN POX? ...WELL, YER GONNA HAVE A RELAPSE!

CHEMISTRY



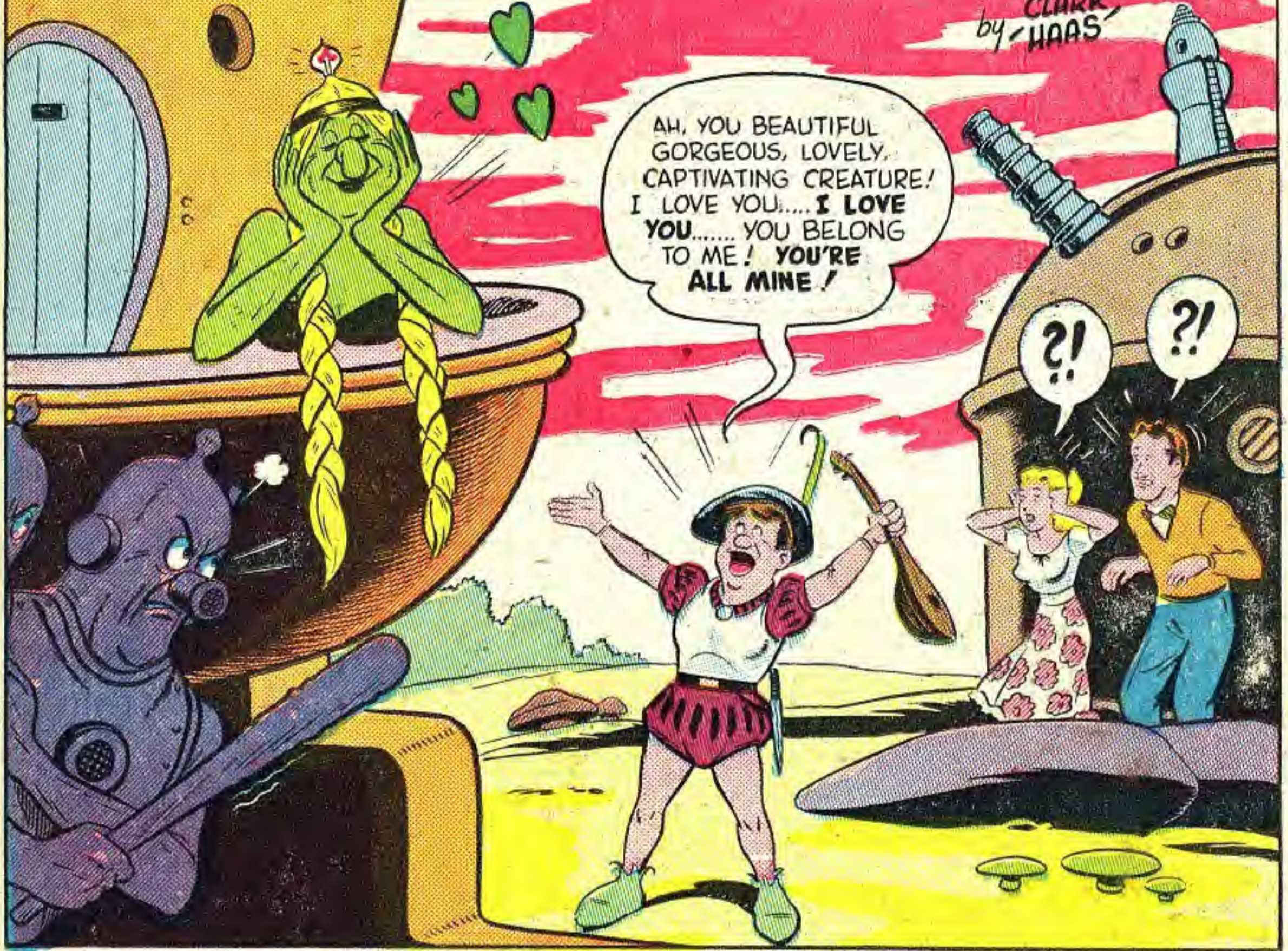
SAY WHEN!

SHOOT!

The END!

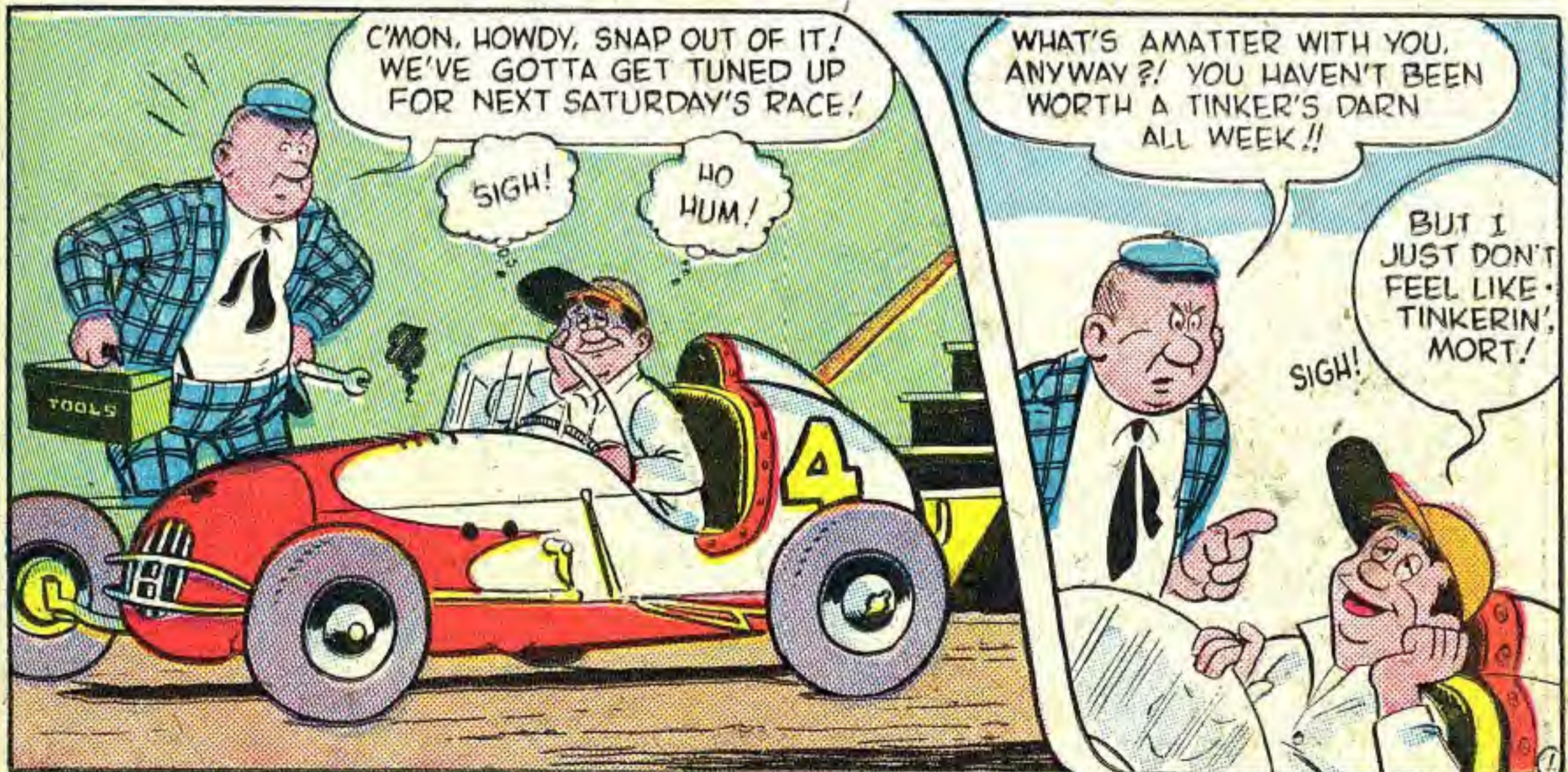
# HOWDY HAIL

by CLARK HAAS



AH, YOU BEAUTIFUL GORGEOUS, LOVELY, CAPTIVATING CREATURE! I LOVE YOU..... I LOVE YOU..... YOU BELONG TO ME! YOU'RE ALL MINE!

?!  
?!



C'MON, HOWDY, SNAP OUT OF IT! WE'VE GOTTA GET TUNED UP FOR NEXT SATURDAY'S RACE!

SIGH!

HO HUM!

WHAT'S AMATTER WITH YOU, ANYWAY?! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WORTH A TINKER'S DARN ALL WEEK!!

BUT I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE TINKERIN', MORT!

SIGH!





EERRROOAR!  
ZZZZOOOM!

YA MEAN YOU'RE NOT EVEN INTERESTED IN MIDGET RACIN', FLYIN' JETS, OR ANYTHING?!

MORT, BEING IN LOVE LIKE I AM JUST NATURALLY SAPS ONE'S STRENGTH!



AND ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A WONDERFUL GAL LIKE SAL!

SIGH!

DAMES, FOOEY!

THAT NIGHT:



OH, HOWDY, WHAT A LOVELY EVENING—AND THE MUSIC IS SIMPLY DIVINE!

HEAVEN'S THE WORD WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER, SAL HONEY!



CUT IN, BUDDY?!

S-SLINKY!



SORRY, SLINKY, BUT I'VE PROMISED THE ENTIRE EVENING TO HOWDY!

?

SWISH!

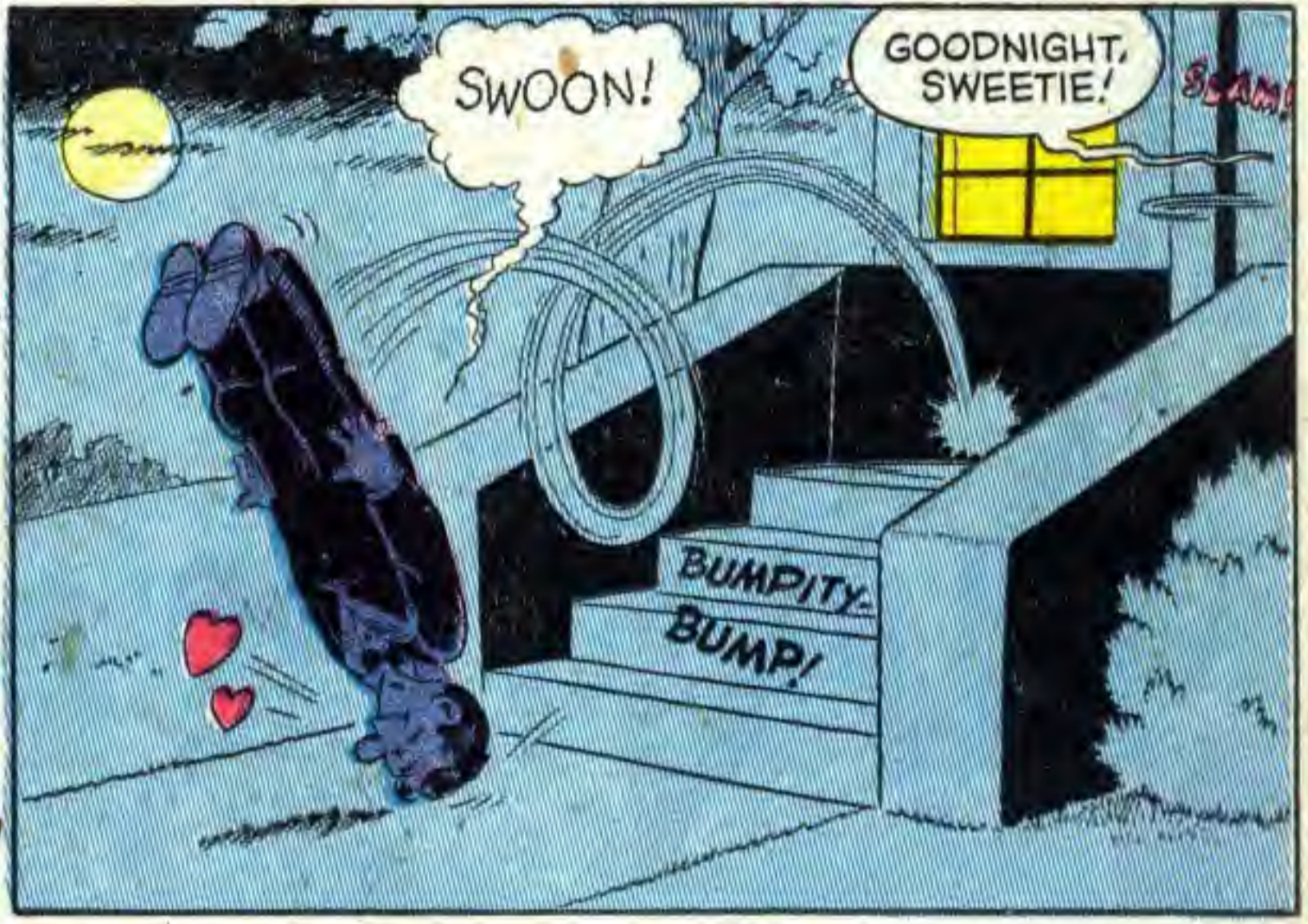


I'VE NEVER ENJOYED ANYTHING SO MUCH IN MY WHOLE LIFE—AND DID YOU SEE THE EXPRESSION ON OL' SLINKY'S PAN? WOW! HA! HA!

IT WAS A LOVELY DANCE, DARLING!



# SMACK!





HUMPH! WHERE DO YOU GET THAT "OLD FRIEND SLINKY" STUFF, ANYWAY?!

OH, COME NOW! LET'S LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES, OL' BUDDY! I REALIZE WHEN I'M BEAT— WITH YOU AND SAL PRACTICALLY ENGAGED!



WELL, NOW, THAT'S AWFULLY FAIR OF YOU, SLINKY! THANKS A LOT!

AND JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW FAIR I REALLY CAN BE, I'M GONNA LET YOU IN ON A BIG PROMOTION— A DEAL!



GEE, THIS SURE IS NICE OF YOU, SLINKY..... I'LL BE NEEDING SOME EXTRA DOUGH TO MARRY SAL! WHAT KIND OF PROMOTION IS THIS, ANYWAY?!

YOU'LL SEE, PAL, YOU'LL SEE!



FIFI LATOUR, I WANT YOU TO MEET HOWDY HAIL! HE'S THE REAL SHARP OPERATOR I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT..... HE'S JUST THE ONE TO PROMOTE YOUR OIL-WELL STOCK!

PLEEZED TA MEET YOU, M'AM!

MY-MY! YOU DEEDN'T TELL ME HE WAZ SOOOO 'ANDSOME!



OKAY, FIFI, GIVE HIM THE BUSINESS! I'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, BEEG BOY!



WELL, ER.... I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE IN OIL, M'AM, BUT I'LL DO MY B-BEST!

I'M SURE YOU'RE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB!



COME, SIT BESIDE ME, HOWDY, AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF, YOU BIG HE-MAN, YOU!

WELL, I.... ER..... YOU SEE....



SAY, SAL! GUESS WHO I JUST SAW VISITING FIFI LATOUR, THE ACTRESS'S PLACE? NOBODY ELSE BUT YOUR BOY FRIEND, HOWDY!!

WHAT? I D-DON'T BELIEVE IT!



I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF, BUT COME ALONG AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

YOU'RE LYING! HOWDY WOULDN'T DO THIS TO ME!



OOOOOH! I 'AVE SOMETHING IN MY EYE! PLEASE HELP ME, HOWDY!

OH, THAT'S TOO BAD, MISS LATOUR! HERE'S A FRESH HANDKERCHIEF, I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!



HOLD STILL AND I'LL—

HOWDY HAIL! HOW DARE YOU?! AND WITH THAT HUSSY!!

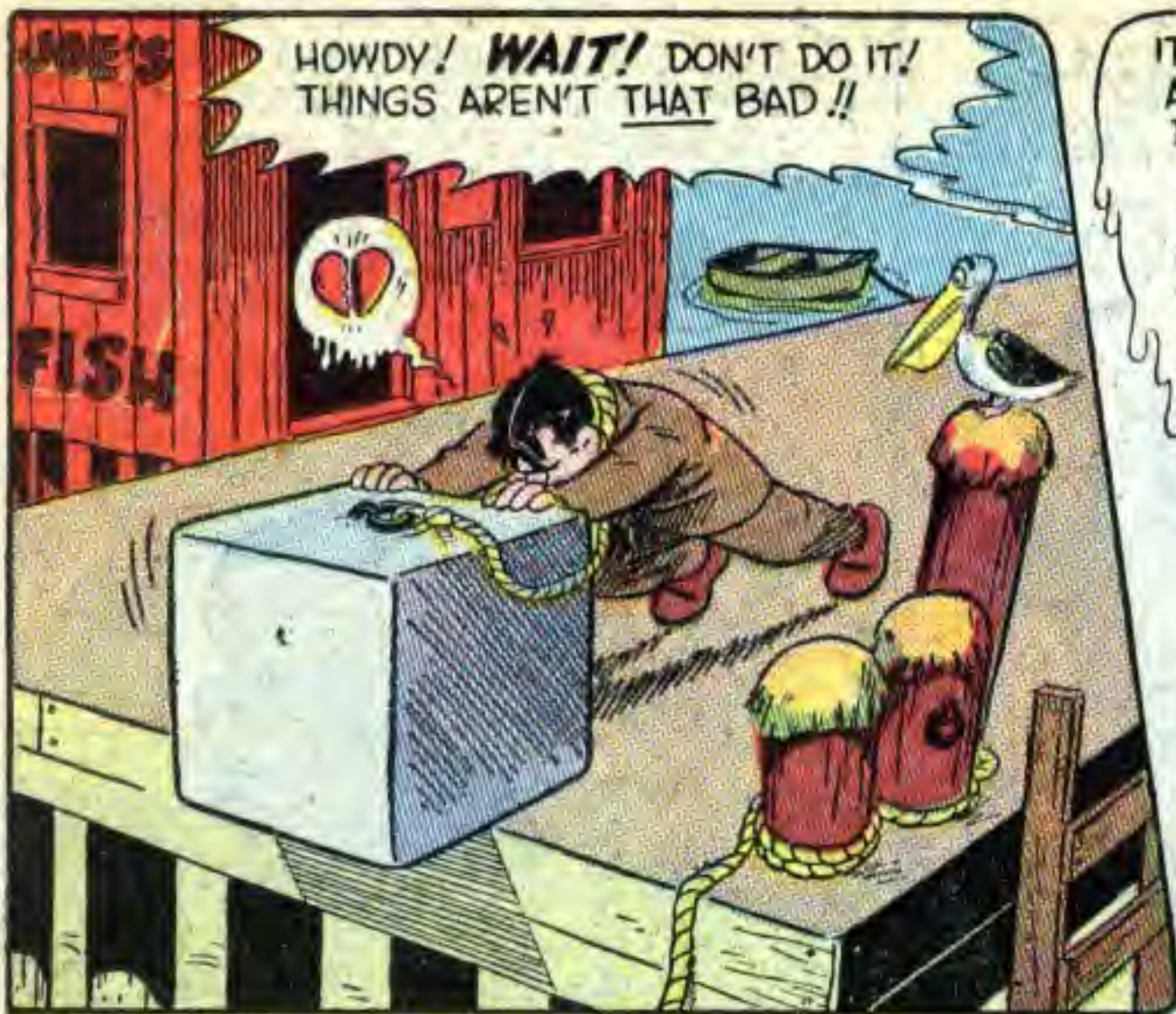


I WUZ FRAMED, I TELL YA!

SAL, HONEY, PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN—I WAS TRYING TO PROMOTE AN OIL-WELL.... THAT IS.....

I'VE HEARD ENUFF, YOU CASANOVA!!

TUT TUT! NEVER YOU MIND, SAL, I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME!



HOWDY! **WAIT!** DON'T DO IT! THINGS AREN'T THAT BAD!!

IT'S NO USE, MORT! I'M ALL WASHED UP! SAL DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE. WE HAD A MISUNDERSTANDING! LIFE JUST ISN'T WORTH LIVING WITHOUT HER!

-BUT **THIS** WON'T SOLVE MATTERS! HOW ABOUT YOUR **INVENTIONS?** INVENT SOMETHING USEFUL AND BECOME FAMOUS! THEN SHE'LL BE PROUD OF YOU AND FORGIVE YOU !!!



I'M GLAD YOU THOUGHT OF MY INVENTIONS, MORT! SAL WILL BE PROUD OF THIS **ATOMIC-POWERED WINDMILL**, ALRIGHT! IT'S DESIGNED SO WHEN THERE'S **NO** WIND, IT'LL DEVELOP ITS OWN — IN FACT, IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, IT COULD CREATE QUITE A BLOW!!

SHE'S ALL SHIP-SHAPE IN HERE, HOWDY!

NOW TO TRY THE MOTOR! FIRST, I DROP ONE TEENSY-WEENSY ATOMIZED **PU-83** PILL INTO MY SPECIAL DESIGNED TURBOWHINGLE, AND —



HEY! T-TOO MUCH P-POWER !!

HELP, HOWDY! WHAT WUZ IN THAT BLOOMIN' "TEENSY-WEENSY" PILL, ANYWAY?

YIPE!

SKA-WOOSH!



GULP! THERE GOES GOOD OL' WORLD! I KINDA HATE TO SEE IT GO LIKE THIS!!

ME TOO! SOB, SNIFF!



OH, BOO-HOO!  
SOB! BOO-HOO!  
SOB!

OH, MY GOSH,  
MORT, PLEASE  
DON'T TAKE IT  
SO HARD! WE'RE  
IN THIS THING  
TOGETHER,  
YA KNOW!



AW COME ON, MORT, CHEER UP!  
THINGS AIN'T **THAT** BAD!  
WHAT'S AMATTER WITH  
YOU, ANYWAY?!

SOB! I  
FORGOT TO  
LEAVE A  
NOTE FOR MY  
MILKMAN  
!!



OOH! JOLTIN' JETS! BET  
WE'RE THE **FIRST** EARTHLINGS  
EVER TO SEE IT!!

LOOKEE,  
MORT...  
MARS!!



C'MON, PODNER,  
LET'S HAVE A  
LOOK-SEE  
AROUND!



OH, OH! HERE COMES A  
GREETING COMMITTEE! THE  
LOCAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.  
MAYBE!

I DON'T SEE ANY KEY  
TO THE CITY— MAYBE  
WE'RE NOT SO  
WELCOME AFTER ALL!  
MAYBE WE'D BETTER  
**RUN FOR IT!**



KEEP GOIN', PAL,  
THEY'RE RIGHT  
BEHIND US!

B-BUT  
IT-IT'S  
H-HARD TO  
RUN! MY  
FEET FEEL  
LIKE **LEAD!**



HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY PLAIN OL' ORDINARY FRY-COOK TO ME — HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A **MAD** SCIENTIST!

I'VE STUDIED YOUR PLANET, I SPEAK YOUR TONGUE! NO, THIS WILL NOT EXACTLY **KILL** YOU... JUST SHRINK YOU TO THE SIZE OF THESE OTHERS, WHO WERE ALSO ONCE **INTRUDERS!** AFTER THIS-ER-OPERATION, YOU WILL SIMPLY LOOK LIKE THE REST AND JOIN THEIR RANKS AS **SLAVES!**



SOCK! UK?



KEEP RUNNIN', BOY— BEFORE THAT CRAZY BUNCH RECOVERS FROM THEIR SURPRISE!

LOOK! IT'S OUR FRIEND, THE GREEN-GOON GAL! SHE'S GOT A PLACE FOR US TO HIDE!!



SHE SAVED OUR LIVES!!

I WONDER WHY SHE'S DOIN' ALL THIS FOR US?!

THANKEE, MAM!



S-S-SMACK!

HEY!

OH-OH, NOW I SEE! SHE'S CRAZY 'BOUT YOU, HOWDY!



HEY! JIGGERS!! HERE COMES HER OL' MAN, OR SOMETHIN'! AND DOES HE EVER LOOK MAD!!

EEF

JEALOUSY



QUICK! OUT THIS BACK GATE, BACK TO OUR "SPACE-SHIP"!!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!





GOOD GRAVY, A RIVER OF **MOLTEN LAVA!** OUR ESCAPE IS CUT OFF FOR SURE!!

-AND THAT MONSTER IS **GAINING** ON US!!



**THE GREEN-GOON GAL!!**

**A POLE!**



WELL, BLESS HER GREAT BIG HEART!

SHE SAVED OUR HIDES AGAIN!!



**WHEW!** WE BARELY MADE IT!!



AH, THERE'S THE GOOD OL' **U.S.A.**.... AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE SHE MAKES!!

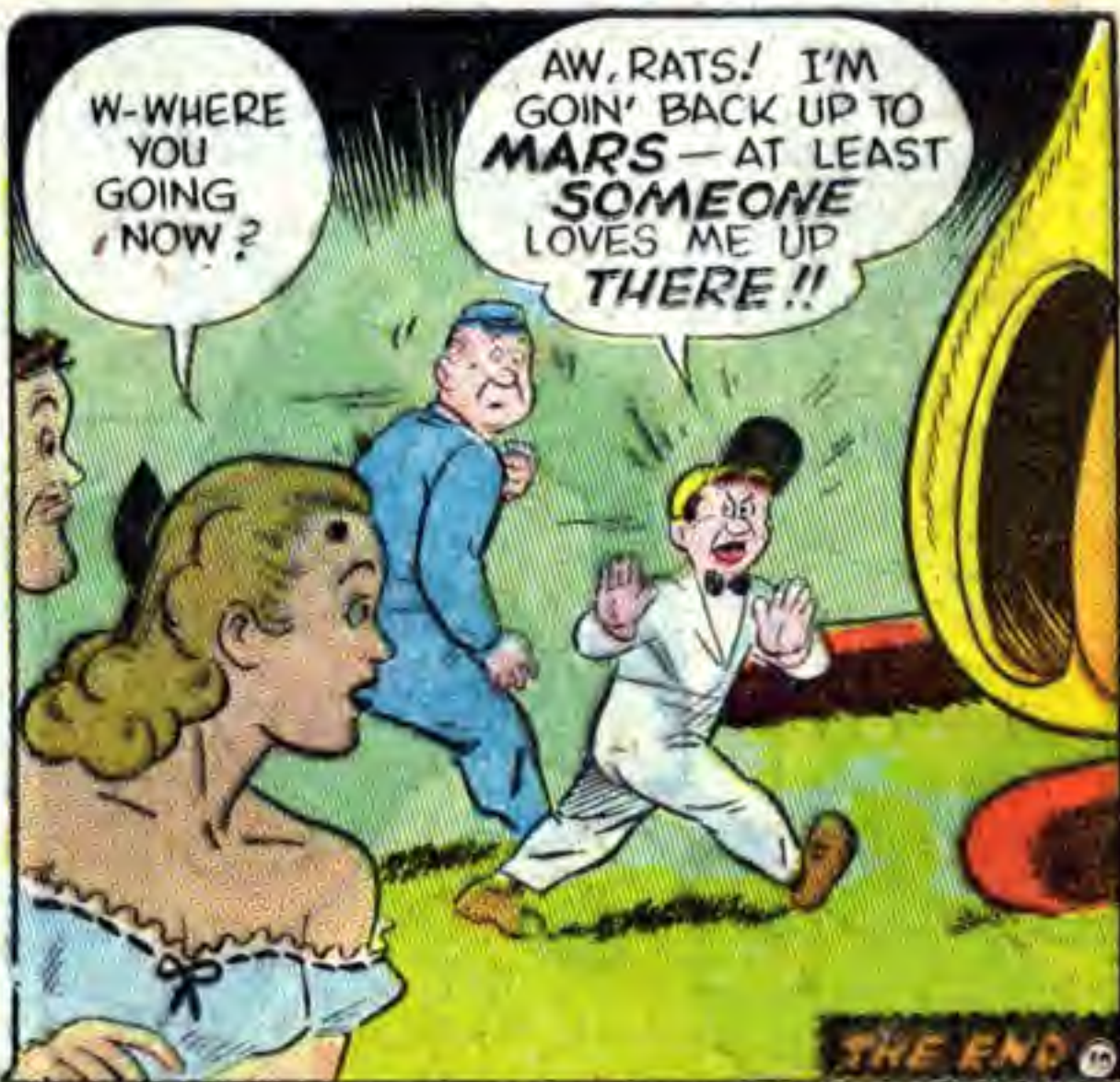
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT-LAND THIS THING IN SAL'S BACK YARD!

**HOWDY RELATES HIS FANTASTIC ADVENTURE....**



.... AND THEN THIS GREAT BIG **HUGE** MONSTER CHASED US OVER A RED HOT RIVER OF LAVA....

**UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!** I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH A TRUMPED-UP FAIRY TALE! I'M HIGHLY **UNIMPRESSED**, MR SMARTY!



W-WHERE YOU GOING NOW?

AW, RATS! I'M GOIN' BACK UP TO **MARS** - AT LEAST **SOMEONE** LOVES ME UP **THERE!!**

**THE END**

# A SWITCH OR A SWITCH!

COOKIE shut his eyes tightly, reached all the way down into the grab bag and . . . prayed!

The grab bag was a brand new idea. It hung in the school auditorium, closely guarded so that there would be no trickery. Above it was a sign reading "Grab your partner for the Grab Bag Dance! *Who* will she be?" And inside it were the names of almost all the girls who attended Harelip High!

No wonder Cookie was nervous as he untwisted the little slip of paper that bore his partner's name! Would she be—? Could she be—? Was it possible—? It *was*!

"Yippeee! Heigh-ho! Zowie! Boinnng!" Cookie's exclamations of happiness knew no bounds. "I've *won* her! I've won *Angelpuss*! The girl of my dreams is going to be my partner!"

"Not so fast, Nature Boy!" Zoot's voice had the same effect as an ice cube down Cookie's back. "I've got a hunch that *I'm* taking Angelpuss to the dance!"

"But . . . but you *can't*!" Cookie exclaimed. "I won her fair an' square, square! See? It says right here on this important document . . . 'Angelpuss Witherspoon!'"

"I see that you need some convincing," Zoot remarked coolly. "How would you like it if I happened to tell just who it was that tied all the clothes on Miss Bibblesnicker's line into little knots?"

"But *I* didn't . . ." Cookie started to protest his innocence. And then, in a surge of friendship and loyalty, he realized that he could not deny that crime without admitting that he knew who the real culprit was. Was a dance,

even with the most wonderful girl in the world, worth such an act on his part?

For a brief moment, the struggle within Cookie raged fiercely. Angelpuss Witherspoon versus Cookie's loyalty to a pal! And then, with a sigh that shook his entire frame, Cookie gave in.

"Okay, Zoot, you win! Here's the slip with Angel's name on it! Who'm I takin' instead?"

Silently, Zoot handed him a little slip of paper. Cookie read the name and shuddered. "Lola Schultz!" he quivered. "I'm swappin' Angelpuss Witherspoon for *Lola Schultz*!"

"That's it, cornball!" Zoot grinned. "You are switching gals, an' taking Lola instead of Angel . . . whom *I* shall escort!"

Neither boy had any suspicion that Zoot's last words had been overheard. Neither of them so much as suspected that at that very moment, Lola Schultz was congratulating herself. "Hmm," she said, preening. "Cookie O'Toole must be *crazy* about me! And to think I never even *knew* it! Hmmm . . ."

The night of the Grab Bag Dance was a black night for Cookie O'Toole. In friendship's name, he had sacrificed his girl to the boy voted most likely to try to steal your girl. What was even worse, if possible, was the fact that instead of Angel, Lola Schultz was pinning on his corsage and giggling like a fool.

"Oh, Cookie," she tittered, clinging to his arm like a sack of meal, "isn't it *wonderful* that you chose *me*?"

"I *didn't* choose you," Cookie started to explain. "It was fate!" he added lamely, realizing that the truth could never pass his lips.

Lola just giggled knowingly.

The dance was just one big nightmare for Cookie, as he navigated Lola around the floor and looked eagerly for Angelpuss. If he couldn't be her escort, he could at least dance with her. Frantically, he searched for the blondest page-boy in the gym.

"Ah! *There she is!*" His eyes lit up as he saw a golden-haired vision of loveliness in a pale blue gown. The only thing wrong with the picture was that she was dancing with Zoot.

"I'll soon fix *that!*" Cookie murmured, steering Lola with difficulty towards the bandstand. "Hi, Angel!" he crooned, a tremor in his voice.

Angelpuss' face lit up, too! "Hi, Cookie!" she answered tremulously.

"Could . . . could we switch partners for this dance?" Cookie asked of no one in particular.

"I should say *not!*" Lola Schultz's voice was firm. "You escorted *me*, Cookie O'Toole, and you're dancing every dance with *me!*"

"Well!" Angel's tone was sharp. "You act like you *own* Cookie, Miss Schultz! Let me remind you that he didn't *choose* to escort you! He just happened, unfortunately, to pick your name out of the grab bag!"

Lola turned a bright red. "Is that so!" she snapped scornfully. "That's all *you* know about it, Miss Witherspoon! It just so happens that Cookie picked *your* name out of the grab bag and *switched* with Zoot for mine! Am I right, Zoot? Am I right, Cookie?"

There was a shocked silence after this speech. Angel's large eyes filled with quick tears of hurt. Cookie's heart swelled with rage at this base misrepresentation.

Still, could he tell all . . . and put a pal's head in the lion's mouth? Mis Bibblesnicker was violent when aroused to anger! No, he must keep silent.

Meekly, Cookie admitted that Lola was right. "It's true," he said.

Never had Angelpuss been so furious . . . never! The tears vanished from her eyes to be replaced by an angry brightness.

"Oh, so it's true, is it?" she repeated. "You switched my name for Lola's! Well, listen to me, Cookie O'Toole! I never want to speak to you again! I shall return your gifts by messenger!"

She then turned on Zoot. "As for you," she continued, "I feel exactly the same way! To think that you were a party to this . . . this switch! To think that you let him do it!"

"*Let me . . .*" Cookie cried, but Angelpuss would hear no more.

"I'm going home right *now!*" she announced. "I'm sure that my old *friend*, Jitterbuck Jones, will be happy to see me to my door!"

But, search as she would, Angelpuss could find neither clue nor trace of J.J.! He just wasn't there! As she looked frantically through the gym, Angelpuss was trailed by Zoot, Cookie and Lola. Zoot tried to persuade her to give up the search. "C'mon, Angel," he insisted, "you might as well finish the dance with me. Jitterbuck's not here!"

One of the kids in the band looked pityingly at Zoot. "I'll say he isn't!" he laughed. "That boy's in solitary for the next two weeks! He can't go out till he's served time for puttin' all them little knots in Miss Bibblesnicker's clothes . . . on the clothesline, I mean!"

"*Blackmailer!*" shouted Cookie. "Angel, dreamboat, vision, one-and-only! To think that I have been protecting Jit's name and reputation all this time! You're finishing this dance with *me . . .* and all the others!"

Angelpuss slid happily into Cookie's arms. "I don't understand what happened," she said, "but you'll tell me later, won't you?"

"Don't talk, Angel," Cookie commanded. "*Dance!*"

# "COOKIE"



THE COOKIE JIVE TRIO

HEY, HOW ABOUT THAT! HOMER'S GETTIN' RID OF HIS DRUMS!

JEEPS, COOK! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO JOIN OUR LITTLE JIVE FIVE! WHY DON'T YA OFFER TO SWAP HIM SOMETHIN'?



YEAH, THAT'S AN IDEA... BUT SHUCKS, I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO SWAP, SO...

SURE YA HAVE! YOU'VE GOT THAT OLD SHOTGUN! G'WAN HOME AT NOON AND GET IT... IT'S WORTH A TRY!



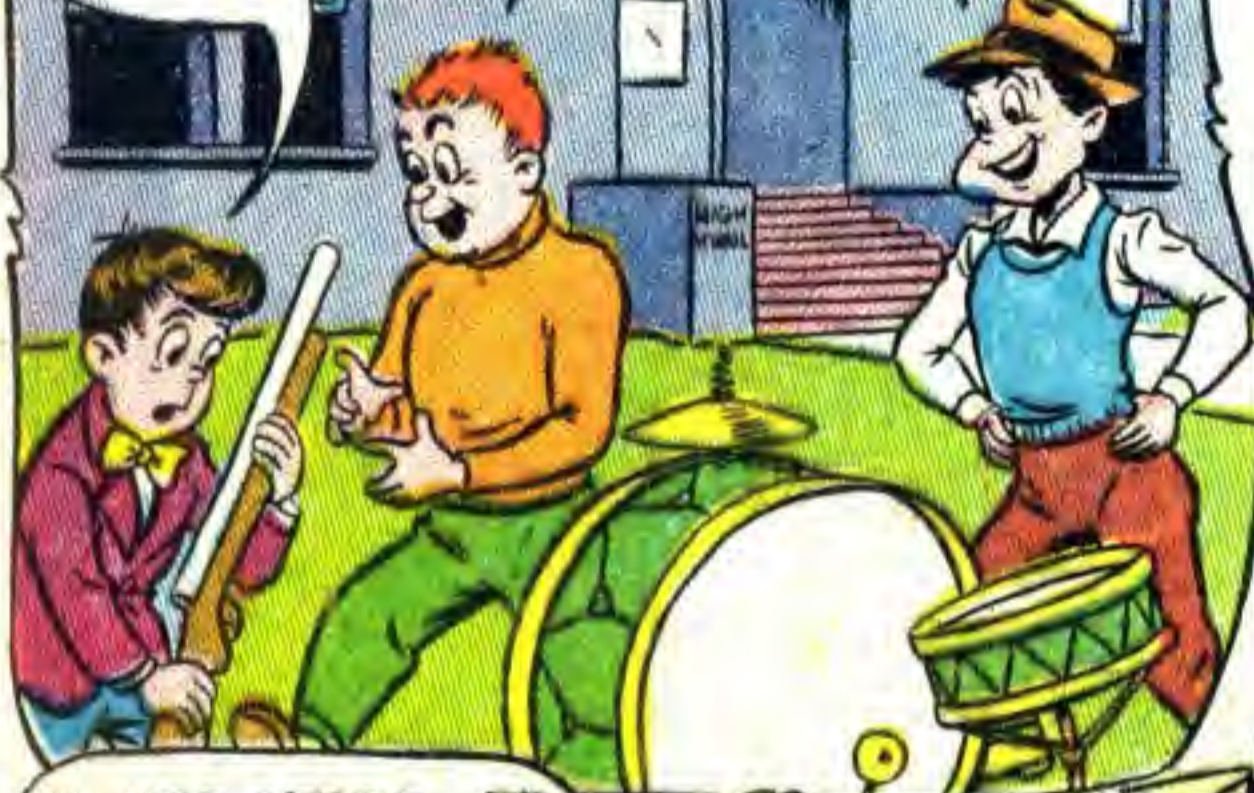
IT'S KINDA RUSTY, HOMER, AND IT NEEDS A NEW BARREL, BUT ---

I'LL TAKE IT!

VELVET! YES SIR, VELVET! SLICKEST SKINS I'VE EVER SEEN!

'BYE NOW! I'LL BRING MY LICORICE STICK OVER AFTER SUPPER, AN' WE'LL MAKE WITH A LITTLE JAM!

HEY, KEEN! SEE YA THEN, JITTERBUCK!

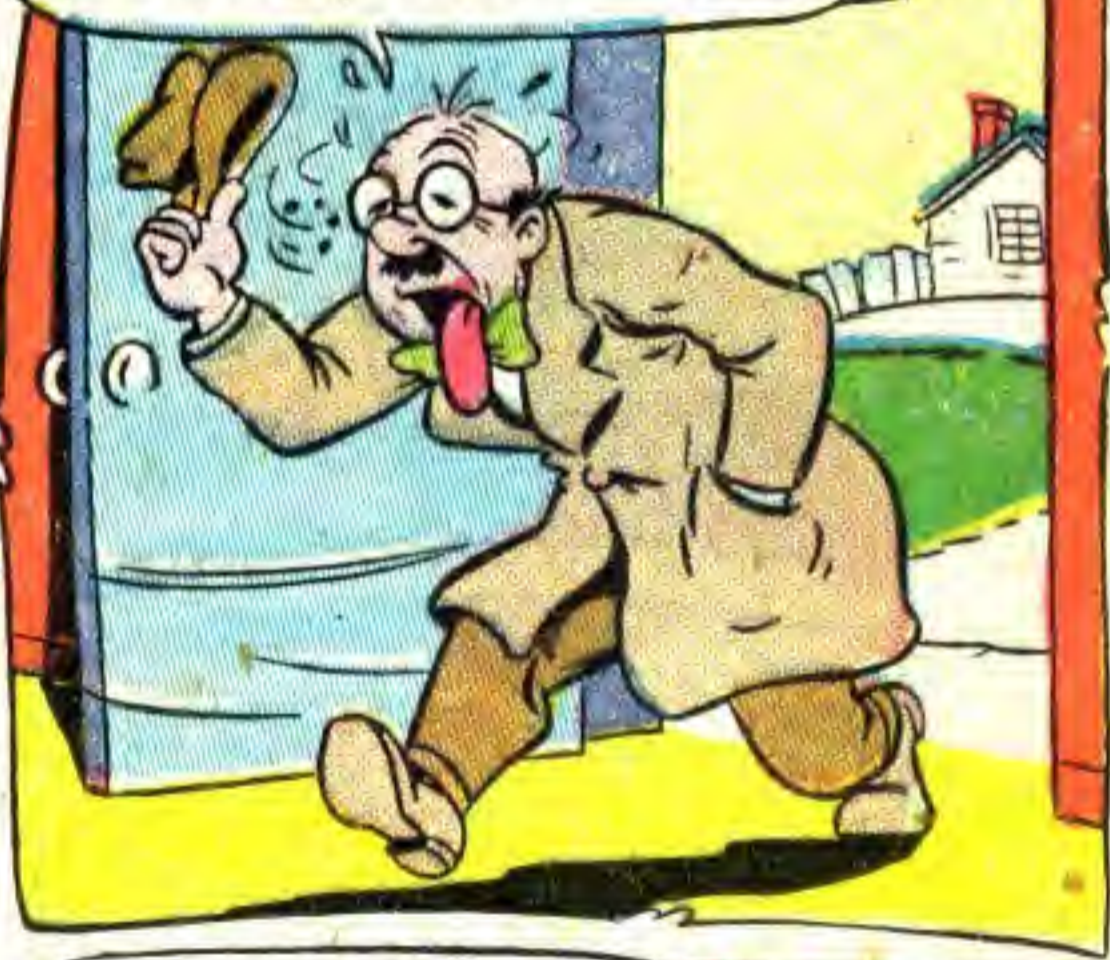
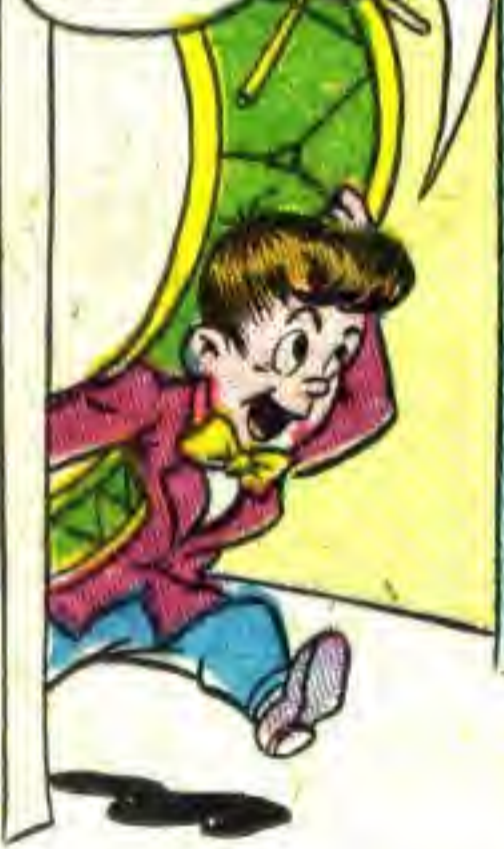


A FEW MINUTES LATER.

HI, MRS. O'TOOLE... IT'S YOUR BOY COOKIE! ... I SWAPPED MY SHOTGUN FOR THESE... I'M GONNA BE HEAD SKIN MAN WITH JT'S JIVE FIVE! SWELL, HUH?

WHY, I GUESS THAT'S FINE, COOKIE! BUT BE SURE YOU DO YOUR PRACTICING IN YOUR ROOM!

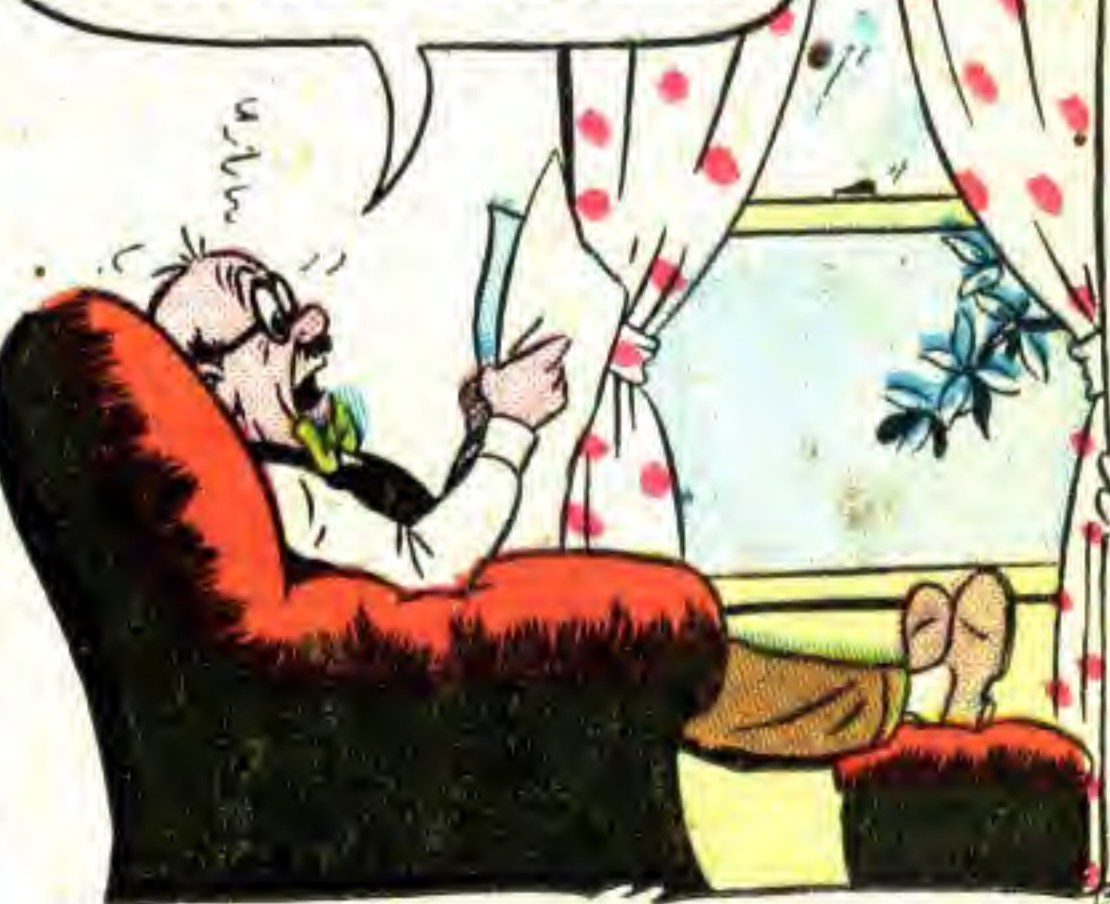
WHAT A DAY! WHAT A DAY! I'M A WRECK! MY NERVES ARE IN SHREDS.. MOM! OH, MOM! GET ME A GLASS OF WATER AND SOME ASPIRIN! --- MOM!



WHY, POP! SAKES ALIVE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

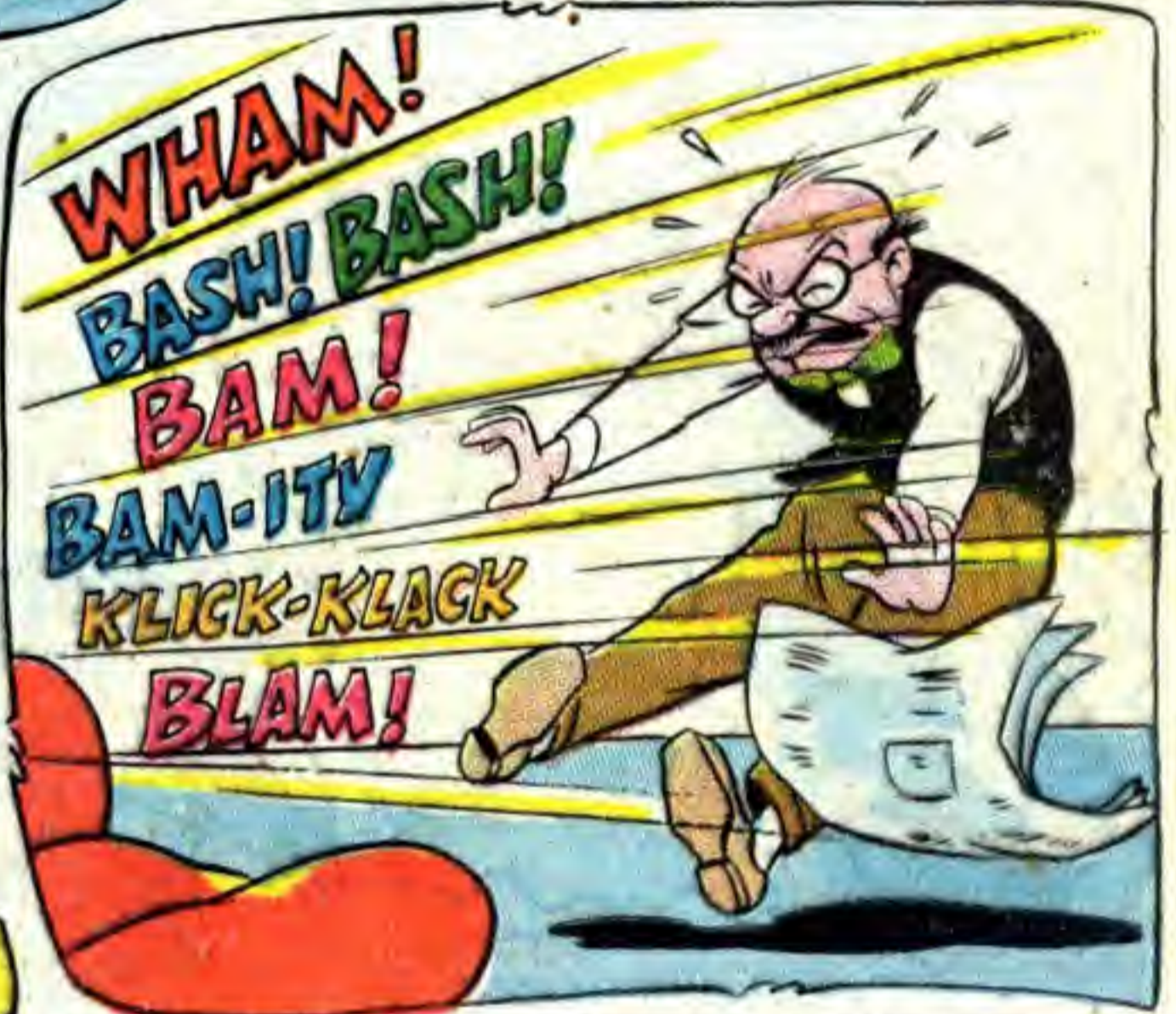
MY NERVES ARE SHOT! I'VE GOTTA TAKE IT EASY... -MIGHT HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! GOTTA HAVE QUIET! GOTTA RELAX!

AH, A MAN'S HOME IS HIS SANCTUARY.. HIS RETREAT FROM THE CARES OF THE DAY! I'M FEELING BETTER ALREADY!





GOTTA GET HOLD OF MYSELF! IT'S PROBABLY JUST MY PULSE BEATING IN MY EARS! --I--I--IMAGINED IT WAS LOUD! SURE, SURE, THAT'S IT! I IMAGINED IT WAS--



MOM! HALP! IT'S HAPPENED! I'M GONE! THROUGH! HALP, MOM!

I-I'M HEARING THINGS! IT'S-IT'S LIKE DRUMS, BEATING LOUDER AND LOUDER IN MY EARS!



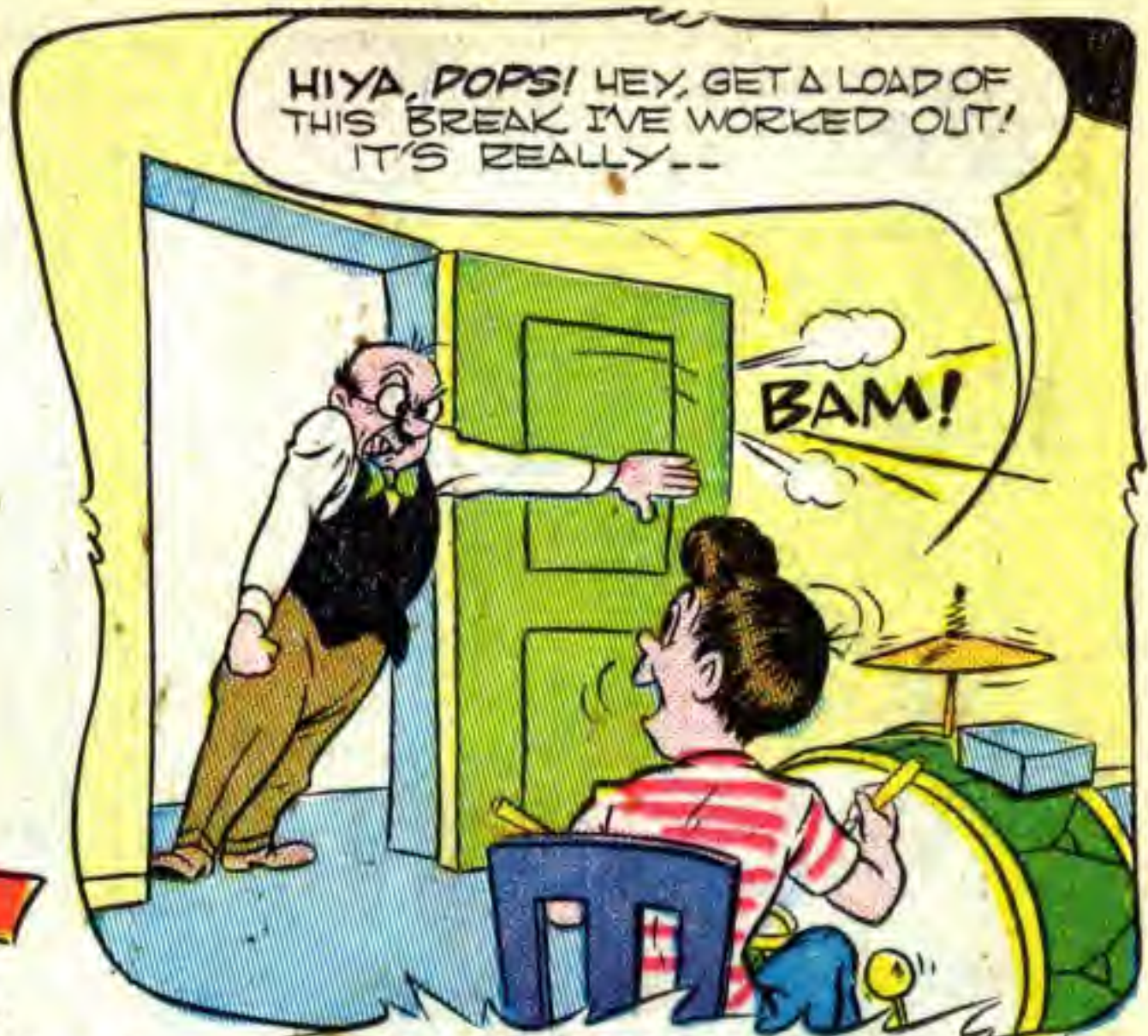
DRUMS?...WHY YOU MUST'VE HEARD COOKIE PRACTICING ON HIS DRUMS!



**WHAT?**

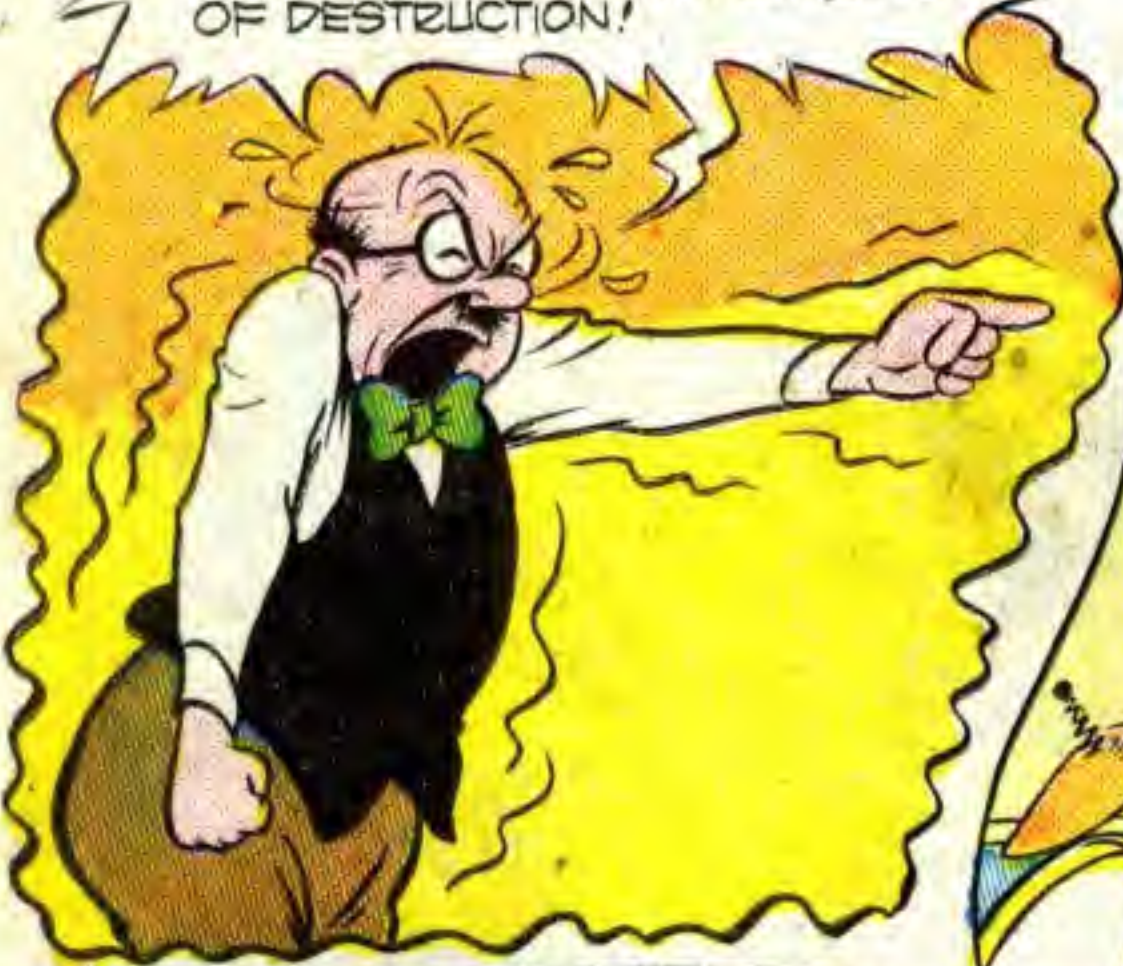


HIYA, POPS! HEY, GET A LOAD OF THIS BREAK I'VE WORKED OUT! IT'S REALLY--



**BAM!**

DON'T "POPS" ME! AND DON'T YOU DARE TAKE ONE MORE THUMP ON THOSE INSTRUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION!



I'M A SICK MAN! I'M ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! -- GET THEM OUTA HERE! GET RID OF 'EM THIS INSTANT!



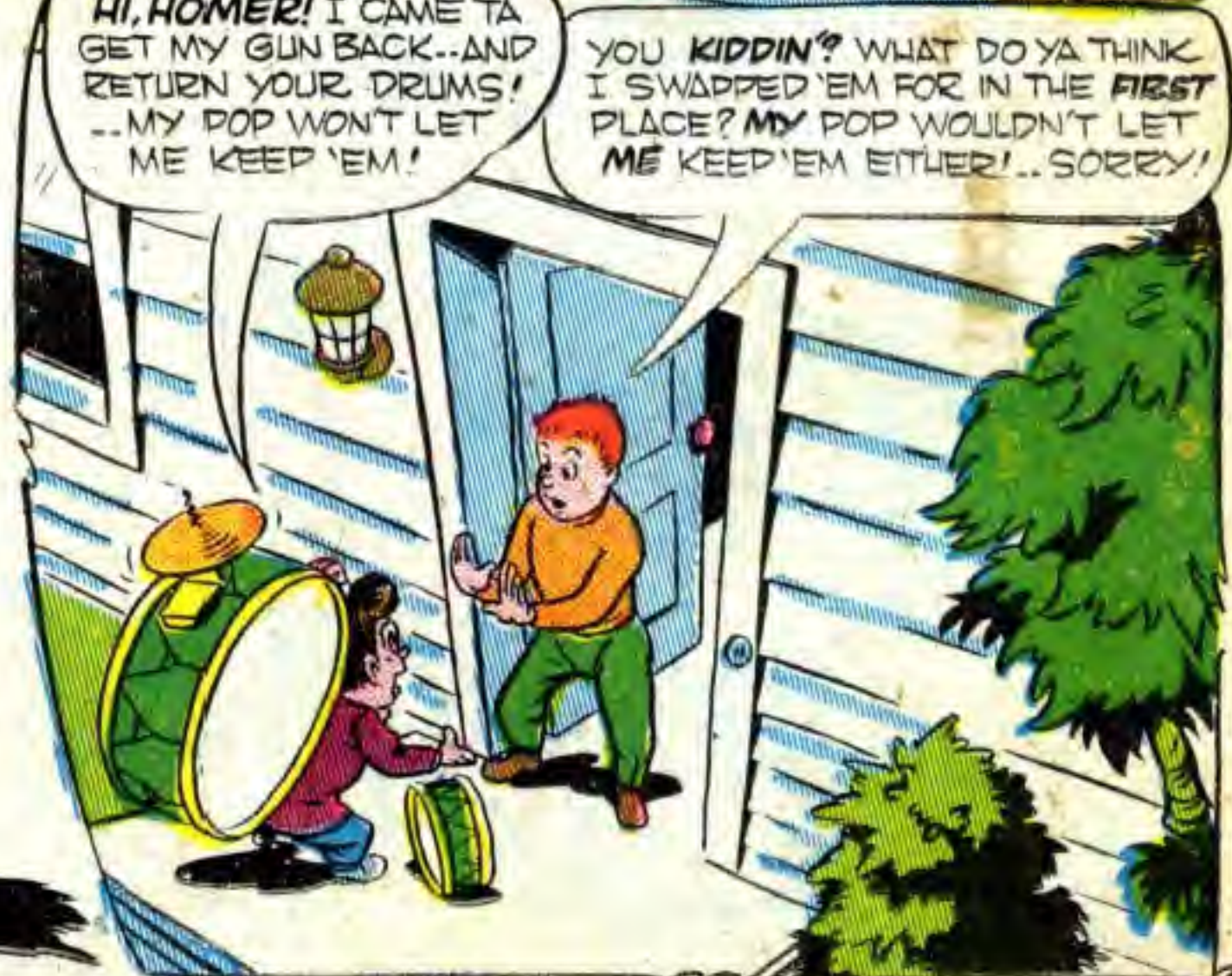
Y-YES, SIR!

DARN! JUST WHEN I WAS REALLY GETTIN' GROOVEY!...OH, WELL-- POP'S HEALTH COMES FIRST!



HI, HOMER! I CAME TA GET MY GUN BACK--AND RETURN YOUR DRUMS! --MY POP WON'T LET ME KEEP 'EM!

YOU KIDDIN'? WHAT DO YA THINK I SWAPPED 'EM FOR IN THE FIRST PLACE? MY POP WOULDN'T LET ME KEEP 'EM EITHER!... SORRY!



HAVE I GOT TROUBLES! I'VE GOTTA HAVE A COKE AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET RID OF THESE THINGS!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T COOKIE! WHAT'RE YA DOIN' WITH THE DRUMS...GONNA GIVE THE SALVATION ARMY A LITTLE COMPETISH'?

OH, SHUT UP, ZOOT! -- GIMME A COKE, CHARLIE!

REET!



SAY, JIMMY... KNOW ANYBODY THAT'D LIKE TA SWAP ME SOMETHIN' FOR MY DRUMS?

HEY, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A SKIN-BEATER! WOULD YA BE INTERESTED IN TRADIN' FOR MY SAX?

YA GOT A DEAL, JIMMY! GET THE SAX!

RIGHT WITH EVERSHARP!



LATER...

DID YOU GET RID OF THOSE - THOSE NERVE WRECKERS, COOKIE?

YES, SIR!

NOW, POP! CALM DOWN! YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO DO THE DISHES... I'M GOING OVER TO BONNIE'S TO SEW TONIGHT!

and so...

WELL, I BETTER START LEARNIN' TO PLAY THIS THING-- GUESS I'LL STAY CLOSE TO THE WINDOW SO THE SOUND WILL GO OUTSIDE!... DON'T WANTA TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS JANGLIN' POP'S NERVES!







SOMEBODY'S PUT A COW IN THE VACANT LOT! THERE'S A LAW AGAINST THIS SORT OF THING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER..

I'M A TAXPAYER! I'VE GOT RIGHTS! COWS BELONG ON FARMS, NOT IN CITIES NEXT TO PEOPLE WITH FRAYED NERVES! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!

YA SATISFIED NOW? THERE'S NO COW HERE - AND YOU'VE GOT A NERVE GETTIN' US OUT HERE ON A WILD GOOSE -- ER- COW CHASE!

MUSTA BEEN YOUR IMAGINATION!

IT WASN'T! IT WAS A COW! I HEARD IT! IT WENT MOO!



I'M A SICK MAN! BUT I KNOW A COW WHEN I HEAR ONE-- AND THAT WAS A COW! 'T WASN'T IMAGINATION!

I TELL YA THERE'S A COW ROAMIN' AROUND OUT THERE RIGHT NOW! I CAN HEAR IT! I'M A TAXPAYER -- I'M ENTITLED TO QUIET! I'M ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN AND I DEMAND..

OKAY, OKAY, MR. O'TOOLE! I'LL SEND THE BOYS OUT AGAIN!



A few minutes later...

HOPE COOKIE'S WORKED OUT SOME SWEET BREAKS ON HIS --- HEY, THERE'S MR. O'TOOLE AND SOME COPS, LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN'!



HI, MR. O'TOOLE! LOSE SOMETHIN'?

YAS! A COW! NOW GO AWAY AND DON'T BOTHER ME!



LISTEN, O'TOOLE, THERE ISN'T EVEN A COW'S HOOFFPRINT AROUND HERE! YA ADMIT YOUR NERVES ARE SHOT! I STILL SAY IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION!

AND IF YA GET US OUT HERE AGAIN, WE'RE TAKIN' YA AND TURNIN' YA OVER TO THE STATE BOOBY-HATCH!



HI, JIT! LOOK! I SWAPPED THE DRUMS FOR A SAX!

SWELL!... SAY, YA NEVER TOLD ME YOUR DAD OWNED A COW! HE JUST LOST IT, I GUESS! HE'S GOT SOME COPS HELPIN' HIM LOOK FOR IT IN THE VACANT LOT!



BUT WE DONT OWN A COW! GOSH! POP'S SNAPPED HIS CAP! HE'S IMAGINING THINGS, JIT!

HEY, THAT'S WHAT THE FLAT- FEET SAID TOO. -AN' THEY ALSO SAID THEY WERE GONNA TAKE HIM IN IF HE BOTHERS 'EM AGAIN!

OH-HI POOR POP! JIT, WHAT CAN I DO? I CANT LET 'EM DO THAT TO POP!

GET HIM A COW!



GET HIM A COW?  
BUT-- BUT--

**SURE!** SELL YOUR SAX  
AT THE SECOND HAND  
STORE, AND **BUY HIM A  
COW!** IF HE **REALLY**  
HAS ONE, THEY CAN'T  
HAVE HIM LOCKED UP!



**GO--**  
THAT WAS SURE NICE  
OF OLD JOE TO OPEN UP  
FOR US, BUT NOW WHERE  
DO I BUY A COW FOR 35 BUCKS?

WE'LL TRY TH' PANSY  
DAIRY...THEY OUGHTA  
HAVE AN EXTRA ONE  
THEY COULD SPARE!



IT DOESN'T HAVE TO  
BE ABLE TO GIVE MILK,  
JUST SO IT'S A COW!

HM! GUESS WE COULD  
LET YOU HAVE OLD  
TESS FOR 35 BUCKS!  
--SHE'S BEEN ON THE  
RETIRED LIST FOR A  
LONG TIME!



WELL, COME ON! WE'VE  
GOTTA GET THAT COW  
BACK BEFORE YOUR POP  
CALLS THOSE COPS AGAIN!

YOU KIDDIN'? I CAN'T  
GET HER TO MOVE!..  
--COME ON, TESSIE!  
**PLEASE COME ON!**

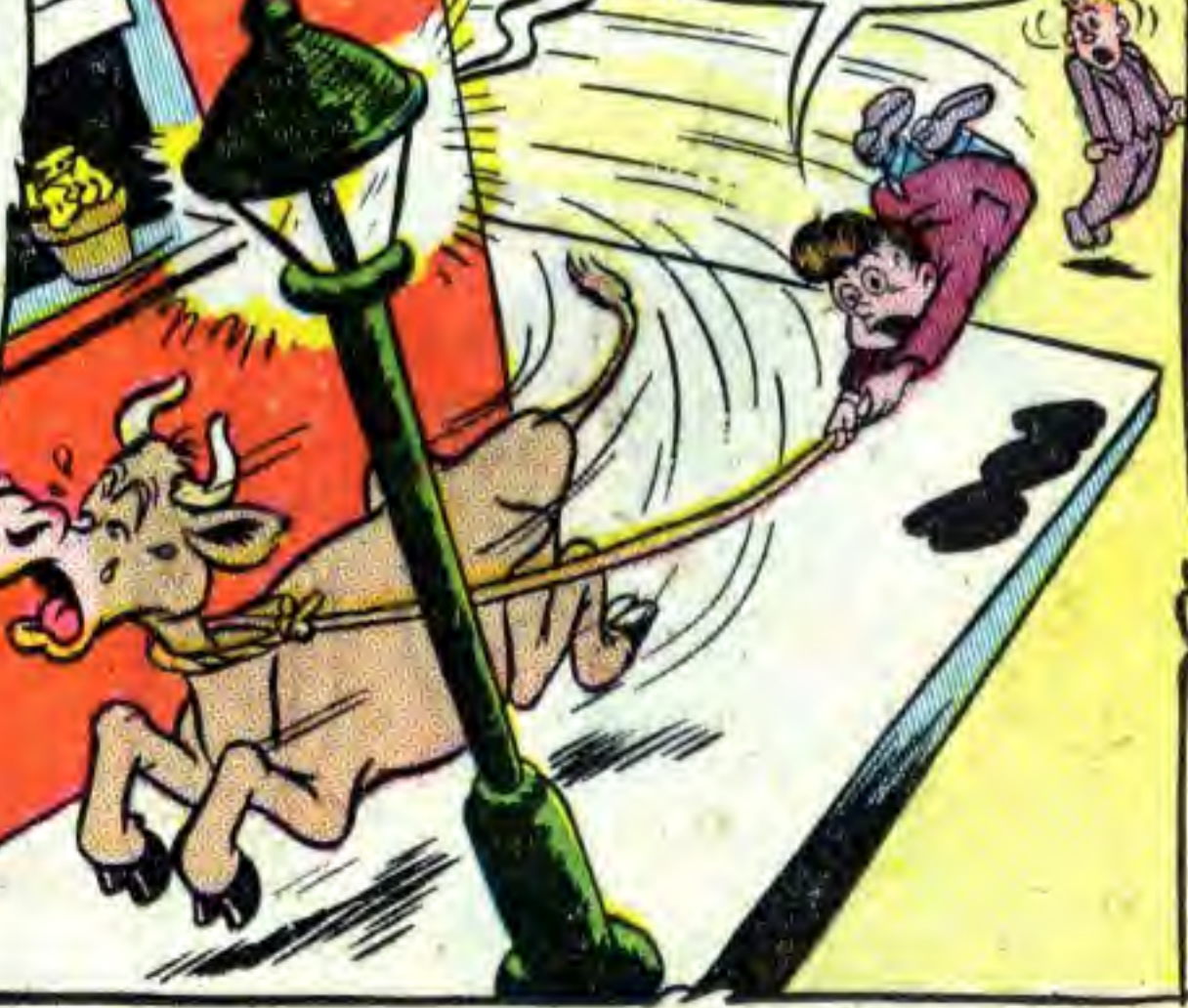


SORRY, TESS, BUT IT'S GOTTA  
BE! NOW GET GOIN'!



**STOP!** YOU'RE TAKIN'  
HER THE WRONG WAY!

I'M NOT TAKIN' HER  
ANYPLACE... SHE'S  
TAKIN' ME!





HEY, KEEN STOP, COOK!

GLUG!

BONK



WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET HER HOME THAT WAY, JIT! WE'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHIN' ELSE!

HOW ABOUT SHOVIN' HER ON THE COW-CATCHER OF THE WALNUT AVENUE STREET CAR? IT STORS ON THIS CORNER, AND IT GOES RIGHT BY YOUR PLACE!



SO...

GOTTA HURRY, HE'S GONNA START! THERE! SHE'S ON!

GET YOUR HEAD DOWN, TESSIE!



DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR AM I LOOKIN' AT A COW? - I AM LOOKIN' AT A COW!

WHAT? WELL, OF ALL THE INSULTING -- NOBODY CAN CALL ME A COW!



TAKE THAT!

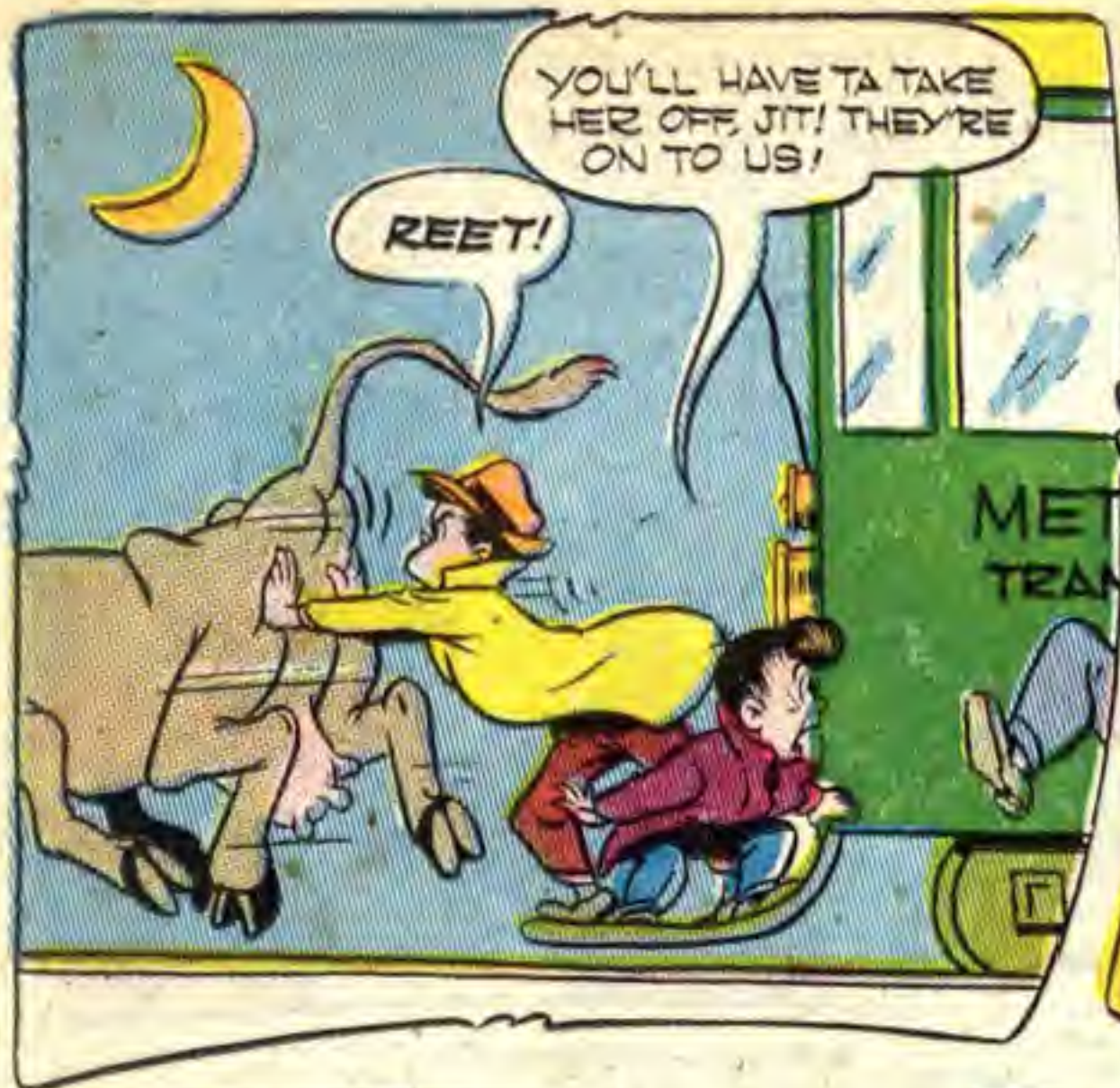
WHAP!



I DIDN'T MEAN YOU, MADAM... I MEANT THAT!

OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON!

I SAID GET YOUR HEAD DOWN, TESS! GET -- ULP!



YOU'LL HAVE TA TAKE HER OFF, JIT! THEY'RE ON TO US!

REET!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!... WHERE DID TESSIE GO?

DOWN BETWEEN THESE TWO HOUSES! COME ON, WE'VE GOTTA FIND HER!



HOLD IT, JOE! I THINK I JUST SPOTTED A COUPLA PROWLERS DOWN BETWEEN THOSE HOUSES!



IT'S A COUPLA KIDS! OKAY, BOYS, HOLD IT! WE WANTA ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!



WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

QUIET, YOU!... NOW FIRST OF ALL, WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SONNY?

O'TOOLE, SIR!



OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE! NOT AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH! IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S NOT..

HOLD IT, CLANCY! -- ALL RIGHT, SON, NOW TELL US.. WHAT WERE YOU DOING BACK HERE BETWEEN THESE HOUSES?



LOOKIN' FOR A COW!!

LOOKIN' FOR A COW! WHY OF COURSE! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! ALL THE O'TOOLES LOOK FOR COWS!



ALL THE O'TOOLES ARE AS BALMY AS A SPRING NIGHT, AND I'M TAKIN' YOU AND YOUR FATHER TO THE STATION TILL I FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



COME ON, O'TOOLE!



RUN, COOKIE!

HEY!

GOSH, WHAT'D YA DO THAT FOR? THEY'LL SEARCH THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND IF THEY DON'T FIND US, THEY'LL JUST COME AROUND TO MY HOUSE AND PICK ME UP!

WE'VE GOTTA FIND TESSIE! IF YOU'VE REALLY GOT A COW, THERE'S NOTHIN' THEY CAN DO... BUT IF YA HAVEN'T, THEY'LL LOCK YOU AND YOUR POP IN THE BOOBY-HATCH!

HEY, LOOK! THERE'S HER HOOFPRINTS! SHE CUT RIGHT ACROSS MULVANEY'S LAWN.. AND SHE'S HEADIN' FOR YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD!

I HOPE SHE KEEPS GOIN' THAT WAY!





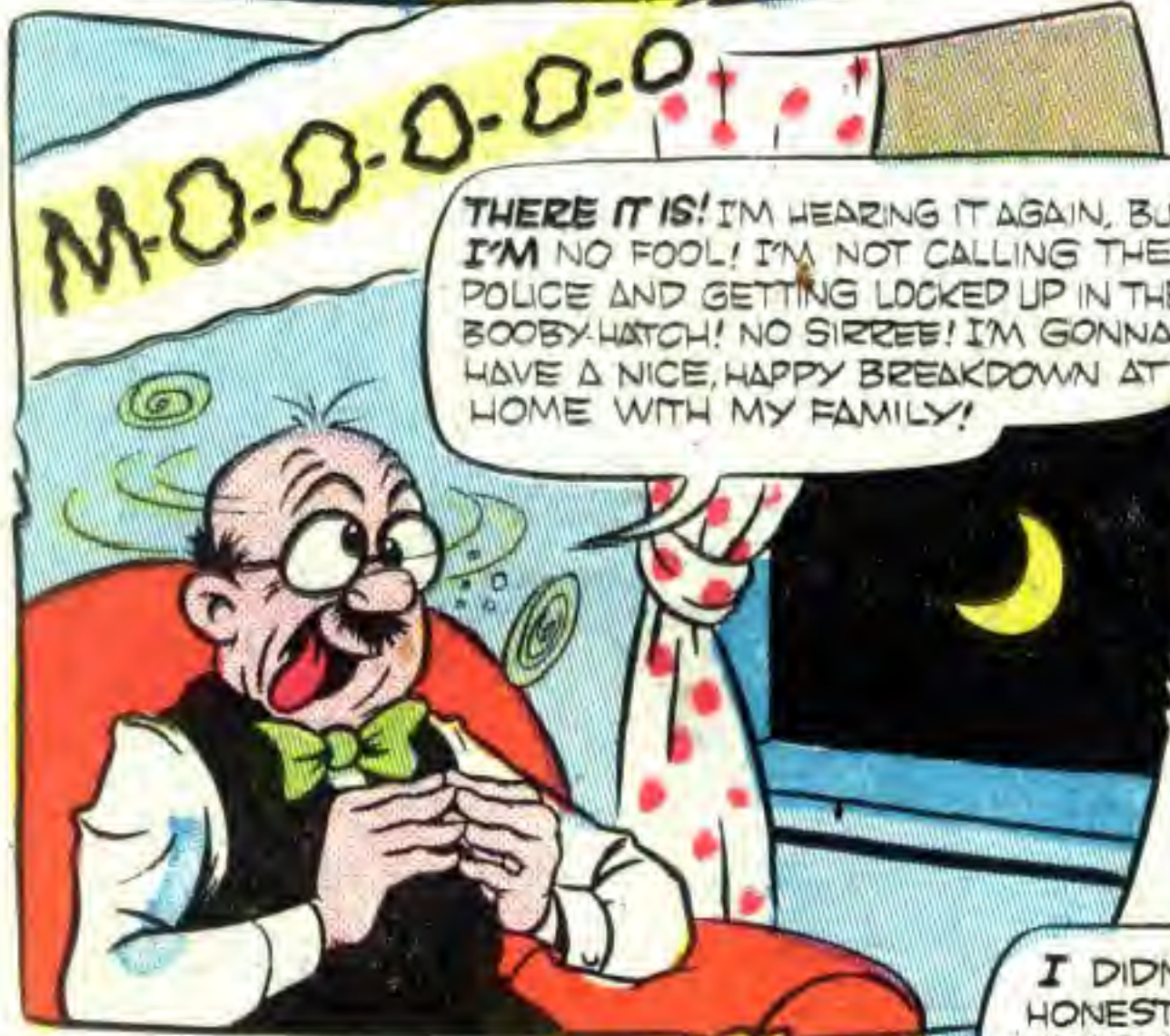
WELL, WODDEYA KNOW! LOOK, COOKIE, THERE SHE IS IN THE VACANT LOT NEXT TO YOUR HOUSE!

WHAT A BREAK! BETTER GET HER DOWN IN OUR BASEMENT, WHERE THERE'S NO CHANCE OF HER GETTIN' AWAY!



THANK GOSH, THE COPS HAVEN'T SHOWN UP YET! ;PUFF; ; OOF; SHE MOVIN' DOWN, JIT?

YEAH, PUSH A LITTLE HARDER!



M-O-O-O-O-O

THERE IT IS! I'M HEARING IT AGAIN, BUT I'M NO FOOL! I'M NOT CALLING THE POLICE AND GETTING LOCKED UP IN THE BOOBY-HATCH! NO SIRREE! I'M GONNA HAVE A NICE, HAPPY BREAKDOWN AT HOME WITH MY FAMILY!



SOMEONE AT THE FRONT DOOR! I'LL ACT PERFECTLY NATURAL--NO NEED FOR OUR FRIENDS TO KNOW!

RAP!  
RAP!  
RAP!



I DIDN'T CALL YA, BOYS! HONEST I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T HEAR ANY COW! IT WAS MY IMAGINATION! HEH-HEH- COWS ARE ON FARMS, I KNOW THAT! SURE! SURE!



HEY, IT'S THOSE POLICEMEN! --WE'RE NOT A BIT TOO SOON, JIT!

HA! ARE THEY GONNA BE SURPRISED!

JUST A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T TAKE MY POP! IT WASN'T HIS IMAGINATION! WE FOUND HIS COW AND IT'S DOWN IN THE BASEMENT RIGHT NOW!

HUH? COOKIE! SH-H! PLEASE! THAT'S SILLY!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO MY BOY OFFICERS! HE MUST HATE ME OR SOMETHING! I NEVER OWNED A COW IN MY LIFE! HONEST..

QUIET! I SEE IT ALL NOW! YOU'RE NUTTIER THAN A FRUITCAKE, O'TOOLE, AND YOUR SON'S BEEN TRYIN' TO COVER UP FOR YOU BY PRETENDIN' TO HUNT FOR YOUR IMAGINARY COW!

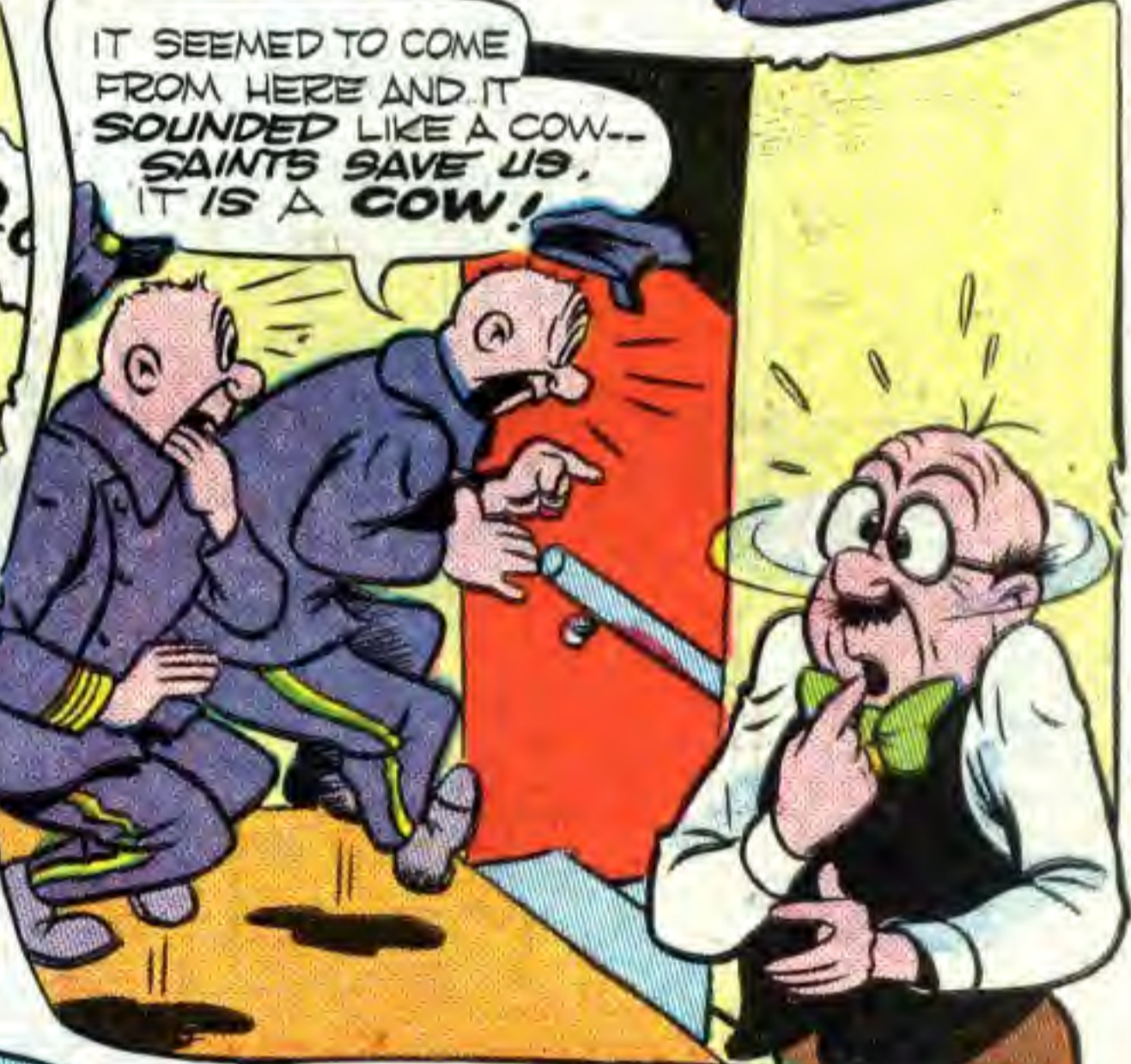


COME ON, WE'RE ---HUH?

**MOOOO...**

TELL MOM NOT TO BE ASHAMED OF ME! IT'S JUST A SICKNESS, SAME AS THE FLU! SOB!;

IT SEEMED TO COME FROM HERE AND IT SOUNDED LIKE A COW-- SAINTS SAVE US, IT IS A COW!



WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, MR. O'TOOLE! OBVIOUSLY, YOU'RE PERFECTLY SANE! WHEN YOUR COW STROLLED AWAY, YOU JUST MADE A COMPLAINT ON NOISE SO WE'D HELP YOU FIND IT, RIGHT?

SURE! SURE! THAT'S IT!

IT WORKED, JIT! YEAH!

WELL, WE'RE STILL LOCKIN' YOU UP FOR KEEPIN' A COW IN THE CITY LIMITS, HAVIN' IT IN A RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT, AND HARBORIN' IT IN A PRIVATE DWELLING!... LET'S GO, CLANCY!







POOR POP! IT'S ALL MY FAULT, JIT! COME ON, I'VE GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT TO DO TO GET HIM OUT, AND THEN TRY TO DO IT BEFORE MOM GETS HOME!

SURE, COOKIE!



IT'LL BE 30 DAYS OR 30 DOLLARS, SON!

THANKS, CAPTAIN! NOW I'M GONNA FIND OUT IF THE PANSY DAIRY'LL TAKE TESSIE BACK AND RETURN OUR DOUGH!

YEAH, THANKS!



SURE, COOKIE, WE'LL TAKE HER BACK!...LESS 5 BUCKS FOR HAULIN' HER HOME, HOWEVER!

HEY, KEEN! THAT LEAVES ME JUST ENOUGH TO GET POP OUT!



HEY, POP, LOOK! 30 SMACKEROODS! I'LL HAVE YOU OUTA HERE IN A JIFF!

YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING! THIS IS THE FIRST PLACE I'VE FOUND WHERE IT'S PEACEFUL AND QUIET, AND I'M STAYIN' FOR A NICE LONG 30 DAY REST!

NEXT DAY..



WELL, THAT'S THAT, I GUESS... BUT WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH THE 30 BUCKS?

MIND IF I MAKE A SUGGESTION?

NO! GO AHEAD!



GOSH! EVERYTHING TURNED OUT SWELL! YOUR POP'S HAPPY, YOU'VE GOT A NEW SET OF DRUMS, I'VE GOT A SKIN-BEATER FOR MY JIVE FIVE AND.

... I'VE GOT 30 LONG DAYS TO PRACTICE!

# JIT STRIKES OUT

JITTERBUCK JONES was a sorrowful sight as he walked towards the teacher's desk and murmured his tale of woe. Those up in front could hear him say "toothache . . . dentist . . . this afternoon . . . painful," grimacing with every word.

The teacher smiled understandingly at Jitterbuck. "Of course you may leave early," she said. "Naturally, a dentist's appointment must be kept on time, especially in an emergency!"

Jit attempted a thankful smile as he left the classroom. It was perfectly true that he was suffering from an inner hurt, but it was not his tooth that was bothering him. It was his conscience!

For he had lied to the teacher. Jitterbuck Jones was *not* going to the dentist's office. He was going to the *baseball game!*

Somehow, the feeling of freedom that Jit had thought he would have was lacking, as he walked through the gates and began to climb 'way, 'way up to his seat in the bleachers. In fact, Jit had an uncomfortable sensation in his chest. Sort of *guilty!*

Nor was he any happier when he realized that his seat was so cleverly placed behind a post, that he would be lucky to catch an occasional glimpse of the diamond far below!

A vendor went by, hawking his wares in a loud, ringing voice. "Candy, ice cream, soda pop, candy, ice cream . . . how about some soda pop, sonny?" He addressed Jit.

"Uh . . . no. No, thanks." Jit shrank down in his seat, afraid that the vendor had called attention to his unauthorized presence at the ball game. Suppose someone should see him and tell someone who would tell someone else? Sup-

pose it should get back to the teacher that he had lied his way out of the classroom and into the ballfield? It was all too horrible for words!

"I'd better not think about it," he gulped, squirming in his seat and craning his neck to get a view of the game. A mighty cheer went up in the bleachers. Jit saw nothing but the broad shoulders of the man in front of the post.

"What happened?" he asked his neighbor.

"Whatsamatter, you blind?" his neighbor replied. "That was the fanciest play I ever . . ." The rest of his explanation was drowned out in the roaring of the crowd.

Jit knew the game was over when the crowd began to shuffle out of the stands towards the front gates. Wearily, he straggled along, his heart heavy. There was no question about it. He had *not* enjoyed the afternoon!

But the heaviest blow was still to fall! Bright and early next morning, Jit was among the earliest arrivals at school. He was greeted by Cookie, who grinned at him broadly. "Hey, Jit! Guess where the class went yesterday! Out to the *ball game!* Part of sports study or sump'n!"

Jit groaned inwardly. To think that he had lied, cheapened himself, made himself miserable! For *what?*

"Oh, yeah, by the way," Cookie added, as the two boys entered the locker room, "teacher thought it was a shame you had such a bad seat! You *could* have been sittin' in one o' the field boxes . . . with us!"

Jit groaned aloud. "*Oh, my achin' conscience!*"

# "COOKIE"

**AH! THAT'S FOR ME--THE MIGHTY ZOOT!**

**POOH! THAT'S MY MEAT!**

**HEY! HOW ABOUT ME?**

**MIGHTY MUSCLES CONTEST**  
TUESDAY AFTERNOON ON KELLY'S LOT

**COOKIE! WOW! CAN YA -- HAW-HAW! -- IMAGINE HIM---**

**NEVER MIND, KID! YER STRONG ON IDEAS, ANYWAY!**

**HUH! I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED -- I WON'T EVEN ENTER YER DURNED CONTEST!**

**SO THIS IS THE MIGHTY MUSCLES CONTEST! PHOOIE!**

**OKAY! NEXT, ZOOT!**

**AH THERE, SMALL FRY! COULDN'T KEEP FROM COMIN' TA SEE A REAL STRONG MAN, EH?**

**I CAN'T STAND YA THIS CLOSE UP, GORGEOUS! I'M GOIN' ACROSS THE STREET!**

**OOF! THERE! I GUESS I GET THE PRIZE, HUH?**

**THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! LOOK OVER THERE!**

**HURRAH FER COOKIE! YAY!**

**HUH?**

**COOKIE! MY STRONG MAN!**

**AW, IT WUZ NOTHIN', ANGELPUSS! -- NOTHIN' AT ALL!**

**GR-RRRR!**

**NIGHTY MUSCLES**

# JITTYEARBUCK

HOLD IT, SON!  
I JUST WANT  
A FEW MORE  
SHOTS!

WAIT A MINUTE! CAN'TCHA  
SEE THE "LIKE" MAGAZINE  
PHOTOGRAPHER WANTS TA  
TAKE SOME PICTURES  
FOIST?



ER...MR. WALTERS!  
HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE  
REFRESHMENT ON  
THE CUFF, HUH?

CUFF, SCHNUFF!  
BEFORE I'D GIVE YOU  
ANOTHER SODA ON THE  
CUFF, I'D RATHER POUR  
IT DOWN THE FRONT  
OF MY SHIRT!

JEEPERS, I  
WISH ONE OF  
MY WEALTHY  
PALS WOULD  
SHOW UP BEFORE  
I DIE OF  
THIRST!

HI,  
JIT!





HEP, MY BUDDY!  
I HOPE YA BROUGHT  
DOUGH WITH  
YA!

WELL, WHEN I  
LEFT THE HOUSE,  
I HAD TEN BUCKS!



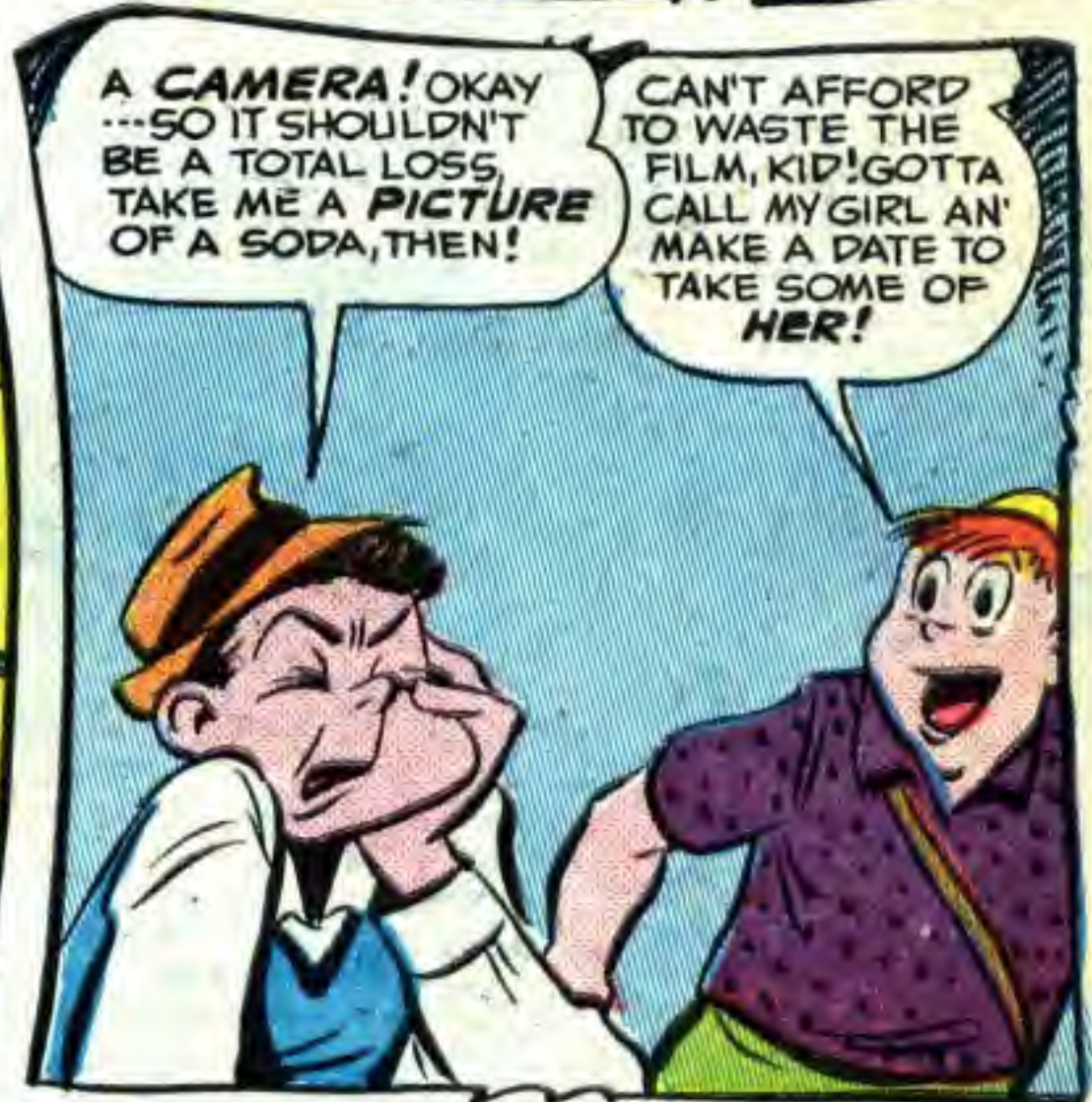
TEN BUCKS---WOW!  
SIT DOWN, FRIEND!...  
OH, MR. WALTERS!  
YOO-HOO!

HEY, WAIT,  
JITTERBUCK!  
I SAID I HAD  
IT--- BUT NOW  
I'M BROKE!



BROKE? YOU  
SPENT TEN BUCKS  
WHILE I---

YEAH, I BOUGHT  
A SECOND-HAND  
CAMERA! LOOK---



A CAMERA! OKAY  
---SO IT SHOULDN'T  
BE A TOTAL LOSS,  
TAKE ME A PICTURE  
OF A SODA, THEN!

CAN'T AFFORD  
TO WASTE THE  
FILM, KID! GOTTA  
CALL MY GIRL AN'  
MAKE A DATE TO  
TAKE SOME OF  
HER!



SOME PALS I GOT--- THEY BUY  
CAMERAS WHILE I THIRST! WHAT  
GOOD ARE PICTURES OF PEOPLE,  
ANYWAY? THE ONLY TIME A CAMERA'S  
ANY GOOD IS WHEN YA EARN A  
**LIVIN'** WITH IT, LIKE THOSE GUYS  
WHO WORK FOR THE PAPERS  
AN' MAGAZINES! OH,  
WELL---



OKAY, POP...  
GET 'EM UP!  
THIS IS A STICK-  
UP!

?

WOT  
THE...!





I STILL THINK I SHOULD'VE CHASED HIM!

CHASED HIM? WHY, THAT'S OLD-FASHIONED STUFF! THIS WAY, YOU'LL BE FAMOUS!



YEAH? HOW?



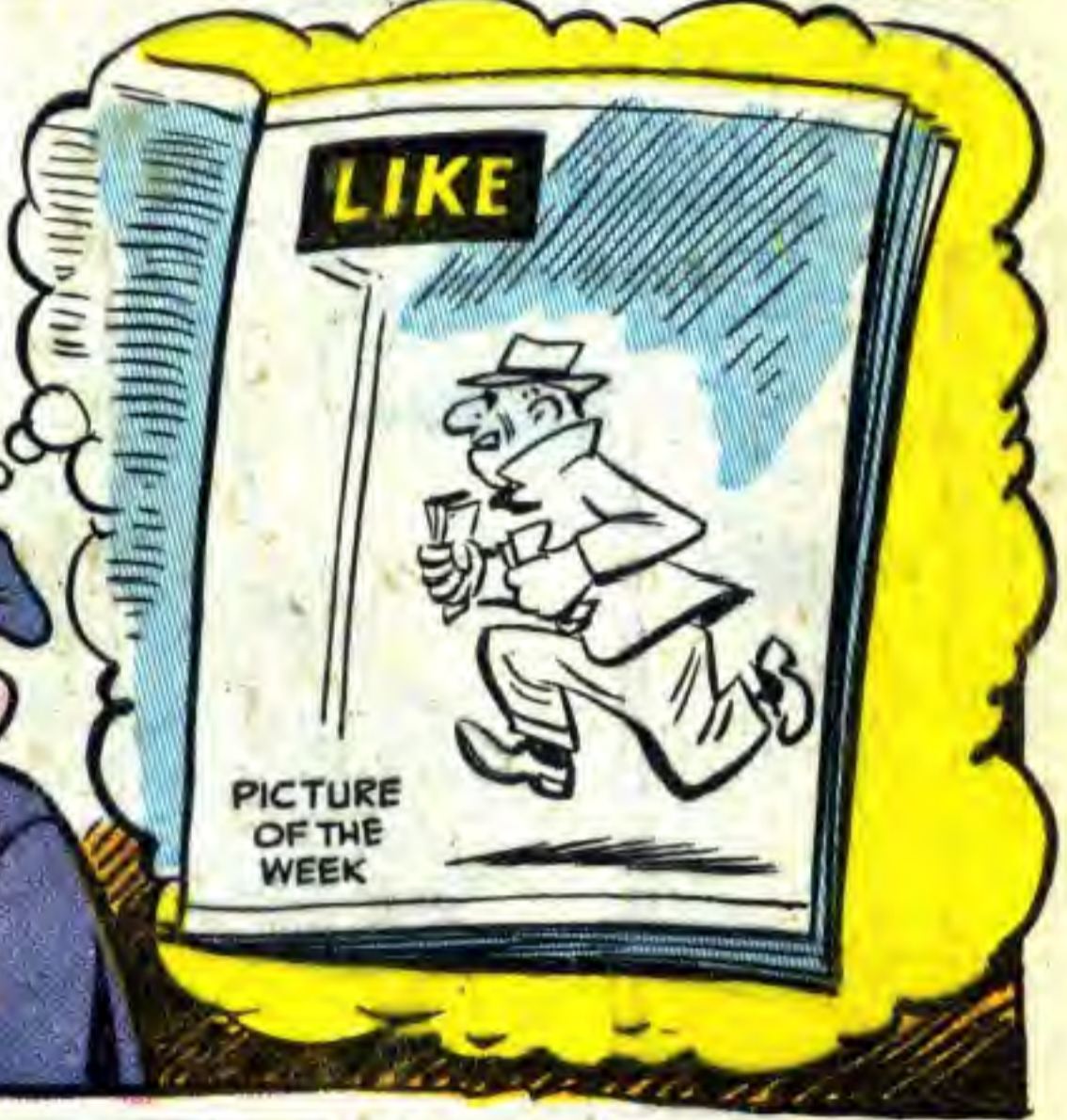
EASY! I'M GONNA SEND THAT PICTURE TO "LIKE" MAGAZINE... THEY'LL LOVE IT AS A NEWS SHOT!



CAN'T YOU SEE IT NOW? "THE PICTURE OF THE WEEK"!

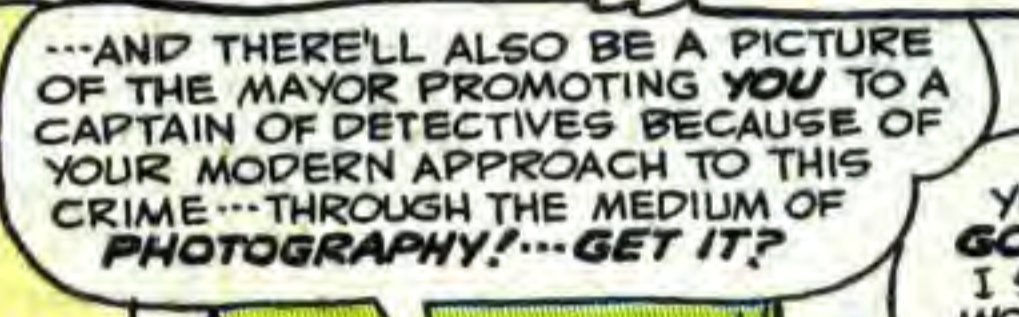


YEAH...YEAH... I SEE THAT, AWRIGHT! BUT HOW DOES IT MAKE ME FAMOUS?



WELL, ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, THEY'LL HAVE A PICTURE OF ME AN' A STORY ABOUT THE PICTURE...

YEAH, AN'...



...AND THERE'LL ALSO BE A PICTURE OF THE MAYOR PROMOTING YOU TO A CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES BECAUSE OF YOUR MODERN APPROACH TO THIS CRIME... THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF PHOTOGRAPHY!... GET IT?

YEAH... GOLLY! I SEE WOT YOU MEAN!



HERE'S MR. WALTERS NOW!

BEFORE YOU START EATING THAT, YOUNG MAN, I WANT YOU TO KNOW IT'S MY TREAT!

GEE, THANKS!

YEAH! INSTEAD OF BEING ON THE CUFF, IT'S IN THE FACE!

HEY, WOT'S THE IDEA? HE JUST GOT YA A PICTURE OF THE CROOK, DIDN'T HE?



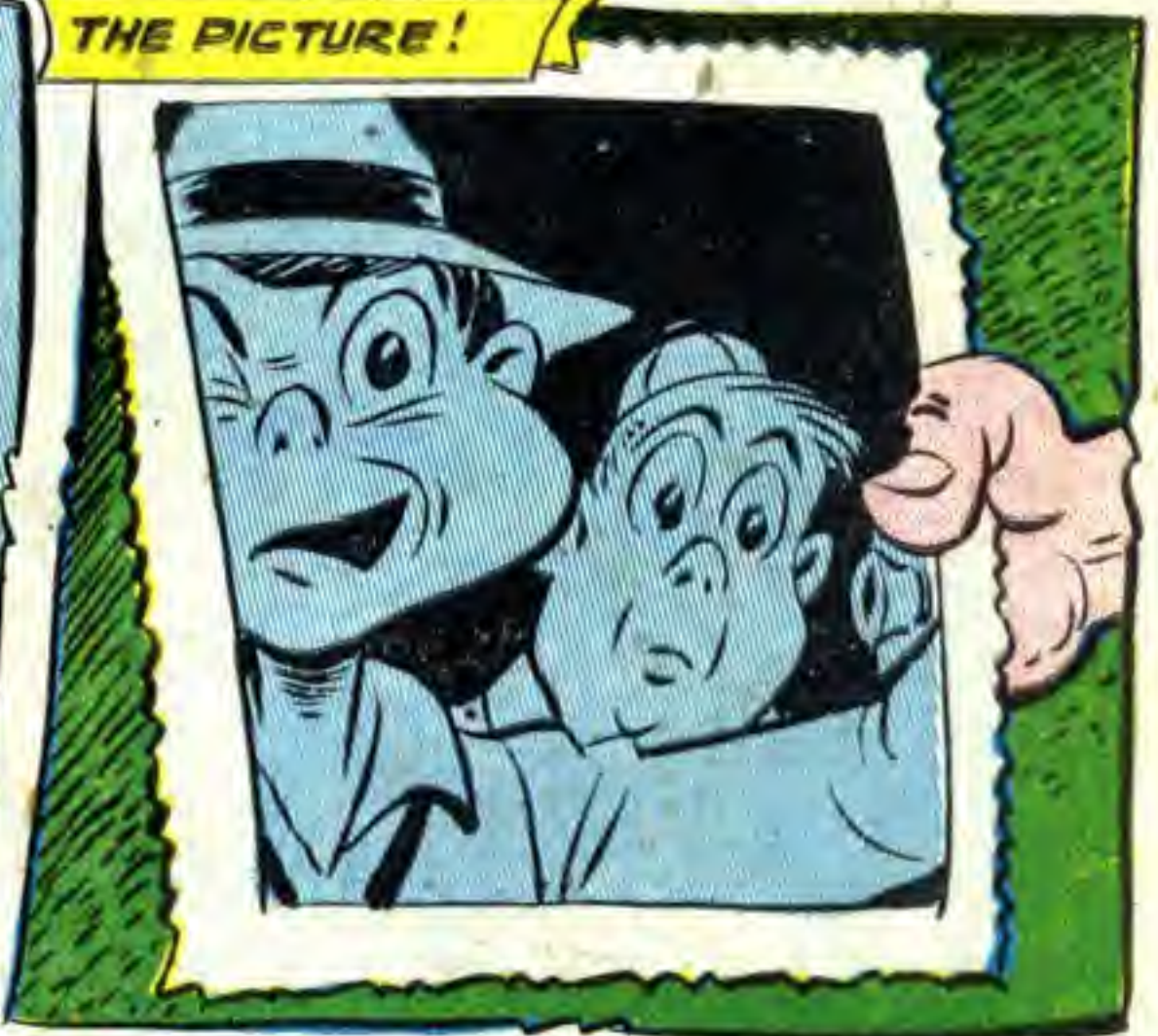
IT'S A CROOK, ALL RIGHT --- BUT NOT THE ONE I WANT! --- **LOOK!**

OH...

?



**THE PICTURE!**



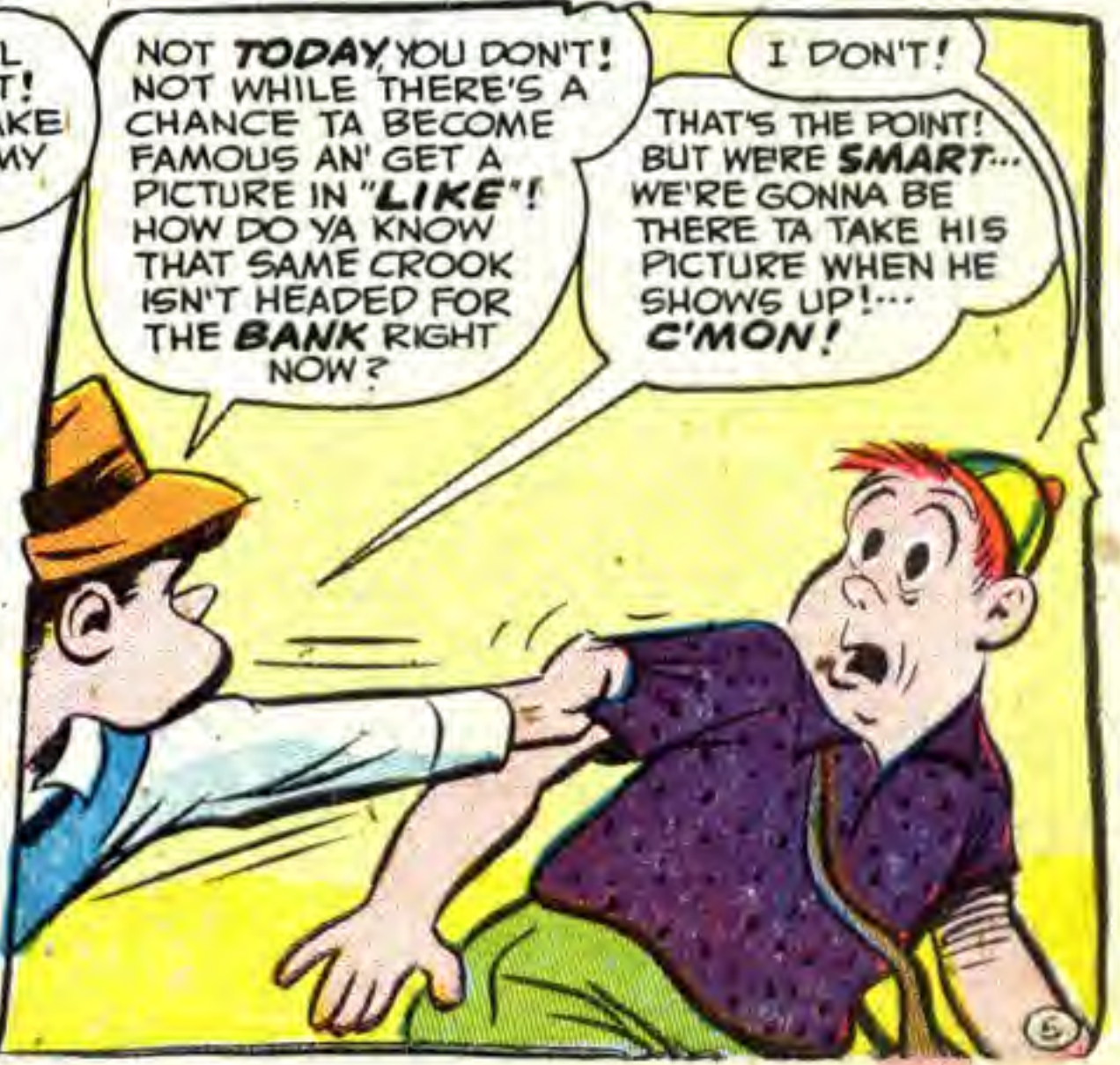
SO I HAD THE CAMERA TURNED BACKWARDS--- **SO WOT?** IT COULD HAPPEN TO **ANYONE!**

YEAH---WELL, I'LL BE SEEN YA, JIT! I GOTTA GO TAKE A PICTURE OF MY GIRL!

NOT **TODAY**, YOU DON'T! NOT WHILE THERE'S A CHANCE TA BECOME FAMOUS AN' GET A PICTURE IN "**LIKE!**"! HOW DO YA KNOW THAT SAME CROOK ISN'T HEADED FOR THE **BANK** RIGHT NOW?

I DON'T!

THAT'S THE POINT! BUT WE'RE **SMART!** WE'RE GONNA BE THERE TA TAKE HIS PICTURE WHEN HE SHOWS UP!... **C'MON!**

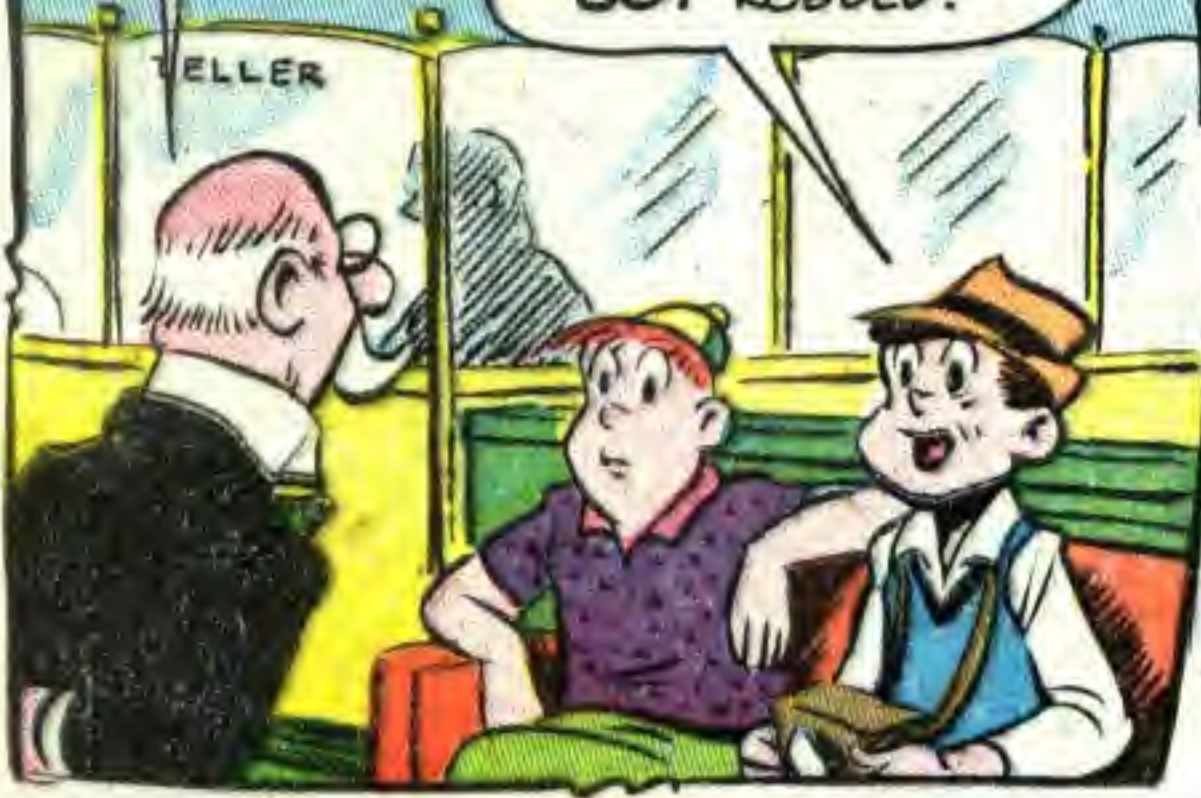




SO...HOURS LATER, AT THE BANK...

ARE YOU YOUNG MEN WAITING TO SEE SOMEONE?

ER...WELL, NOT EXACTLY! WE'RE PHOTOGRAPHERS, AN' WE WERE HOPIN' TA GET A PICTURE OF SOME CROOKS ROBBIN' YER BANK!...THAT IS, IF IT GOT ROBBED!



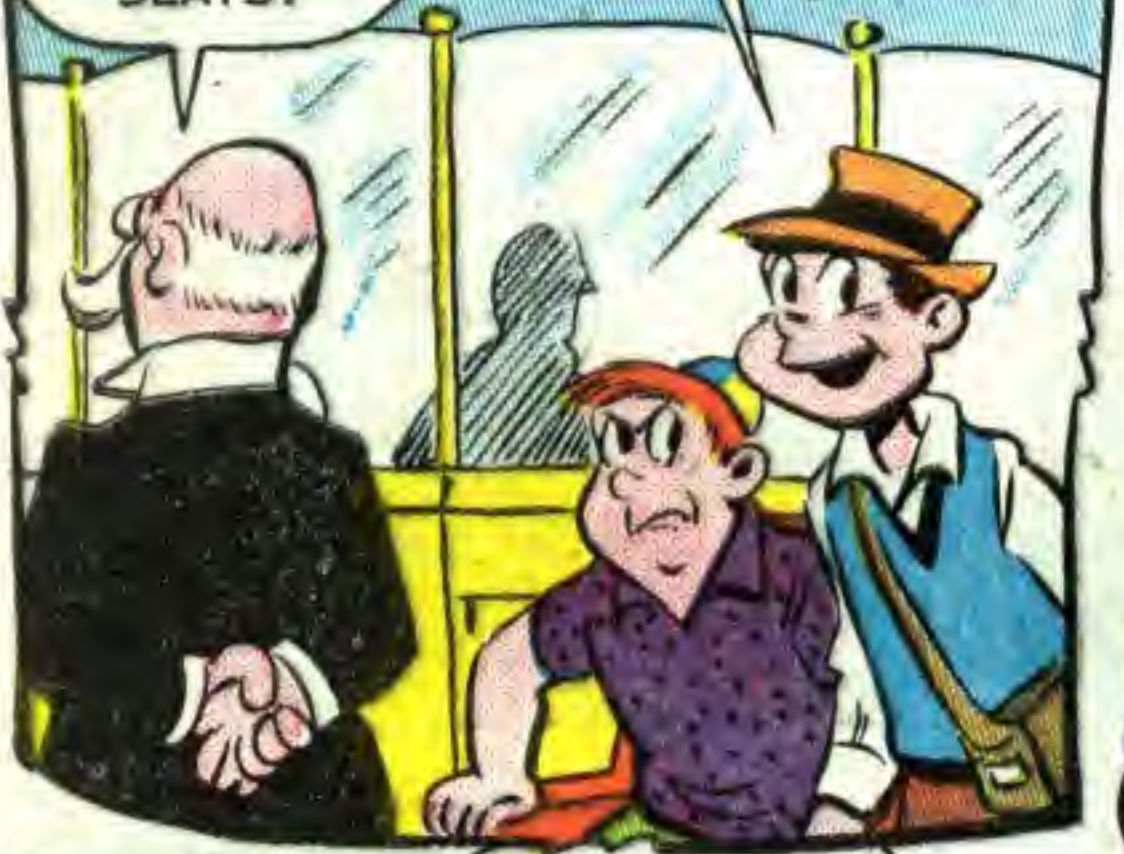
WELL, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! THIS BANK IS WELL GUARDED, AND OUR VAULT IS ONE OF THE BEST, WITH A COMBINATION KNOWN ONLY TO THE PRESIDENT!

BUT IF THERE WERE CROOKS THINKIN' ABOUT ROBBIN' YA, YA'D LIKE TA KNOW IT, WOULDN'T YA?



OF COURSE! BUT RUN ALONG NOW, BOYS...YOU'RE TAKING UP OUR DEPOSITORS' SEATS!

OKAY, OKAY!



I TOLD YA WE WERE WASTIN' OUR TIME!... HEY, WOT'RE YA LOOKIN' SO HAPPY ABOUT?

I GOT AN IDEA! GIMME A PENCIL!



WOT'S UP?

IF YA WANNA KETCH A RAT, SET A TRAP! THAT'S MY MOTTO!



WOT DID YA WRITE ON THE PAPER?

SH-HH...LATER! IF THOSE DON'T LOOK LIKE A COUPLA BANK-ROBBERS, I'M CRAZY!





HEY, YA DROPPED THAT PAPER RIGHT IN FRONT OF 'EM!

I KNOW IT! SH-HH...LISTEN! THEY PICKED IT UP!

WELL, HOW D'YA LIKE THIS, MOE? IT'S DA COMBINATION TO DA BANK VAULT!

WELL, WOT'RE WE WAITIN' FER? LET'S GO!

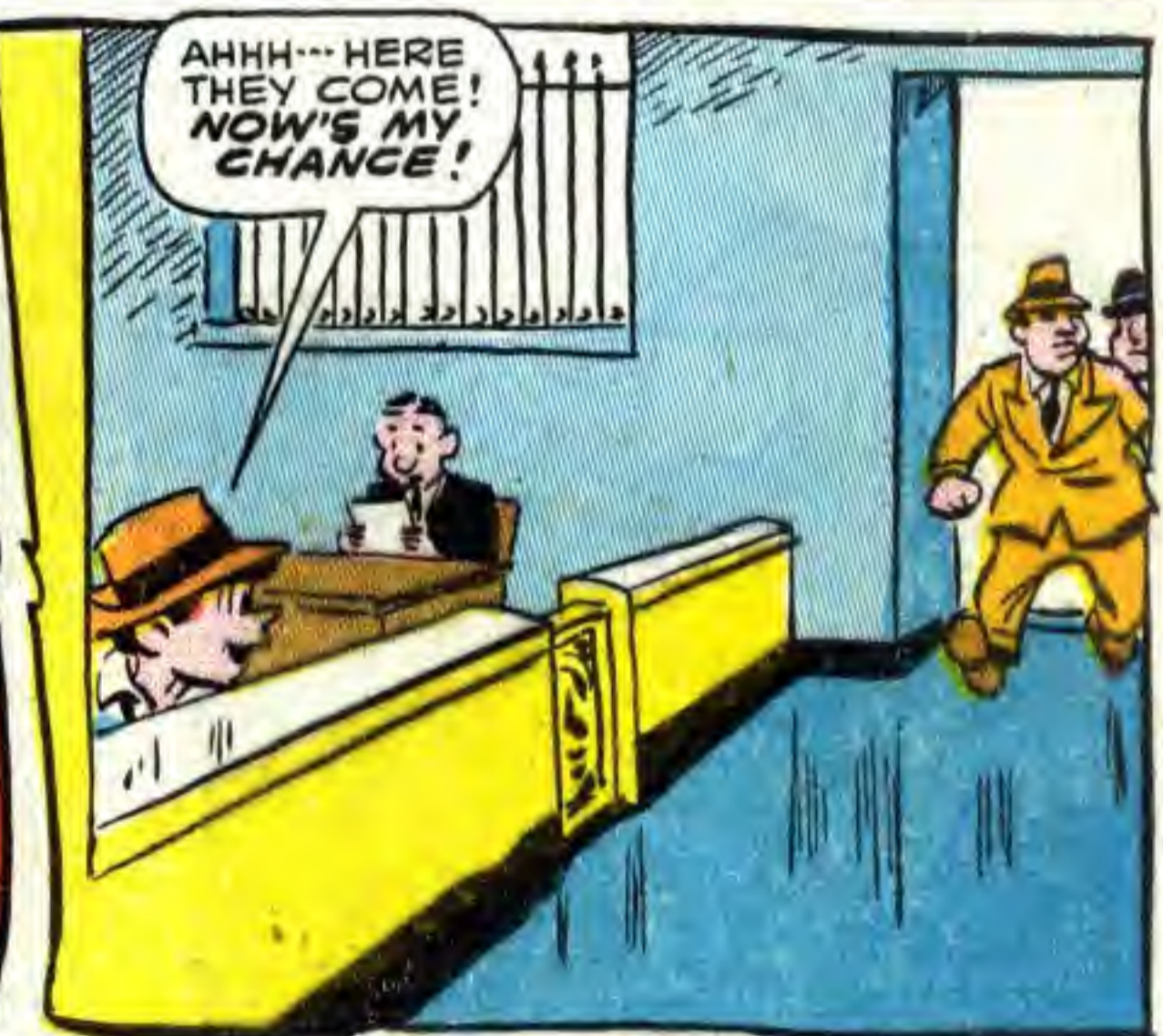
YOU WROTE THE BANK COMBINATION ON THAT PAPER? BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW IT?

I DON'T KNOW IT... I JUST MADE A NUMBER UP! QUICK, YOU CALL THE COPS... I'M GOIN' TA THE BANK!



BOY, OH BOY, IS THIS GENIUS! THIS SHOT WILL MAKE "LIKE'S" COVER, OR I'M AN ESKIMO!

BANK



AHHH... HERE THEY COME! NOW'S MY CHANCE!



GOTCHA, YA CROOKS!

THAT'S THE KID! GRAB HIM!

CLICK!



SO YA THINK YA CAN FOOL US BY POSIN' AS A PHOTOGRAPHER, EH? COME ALONG QUIETLY, BUB!

B-BUT...

MUCH LATER...

...SO YOU SEE, SIR, HE MEANT WELL! SO NOW WILL YOU RELEASE HIM AN' GIMME BACK MY CAMERA?

OH, I DON'T KNOW WHY I DIDN'T TAKE MY MOTHER'S ADVICE AN' BE A HOD-CARRIER!

OKAY, BOYS ...TURN HIM LOOSE!

HEP...QUICK! TAKE A PICTURE OF ME NOW!

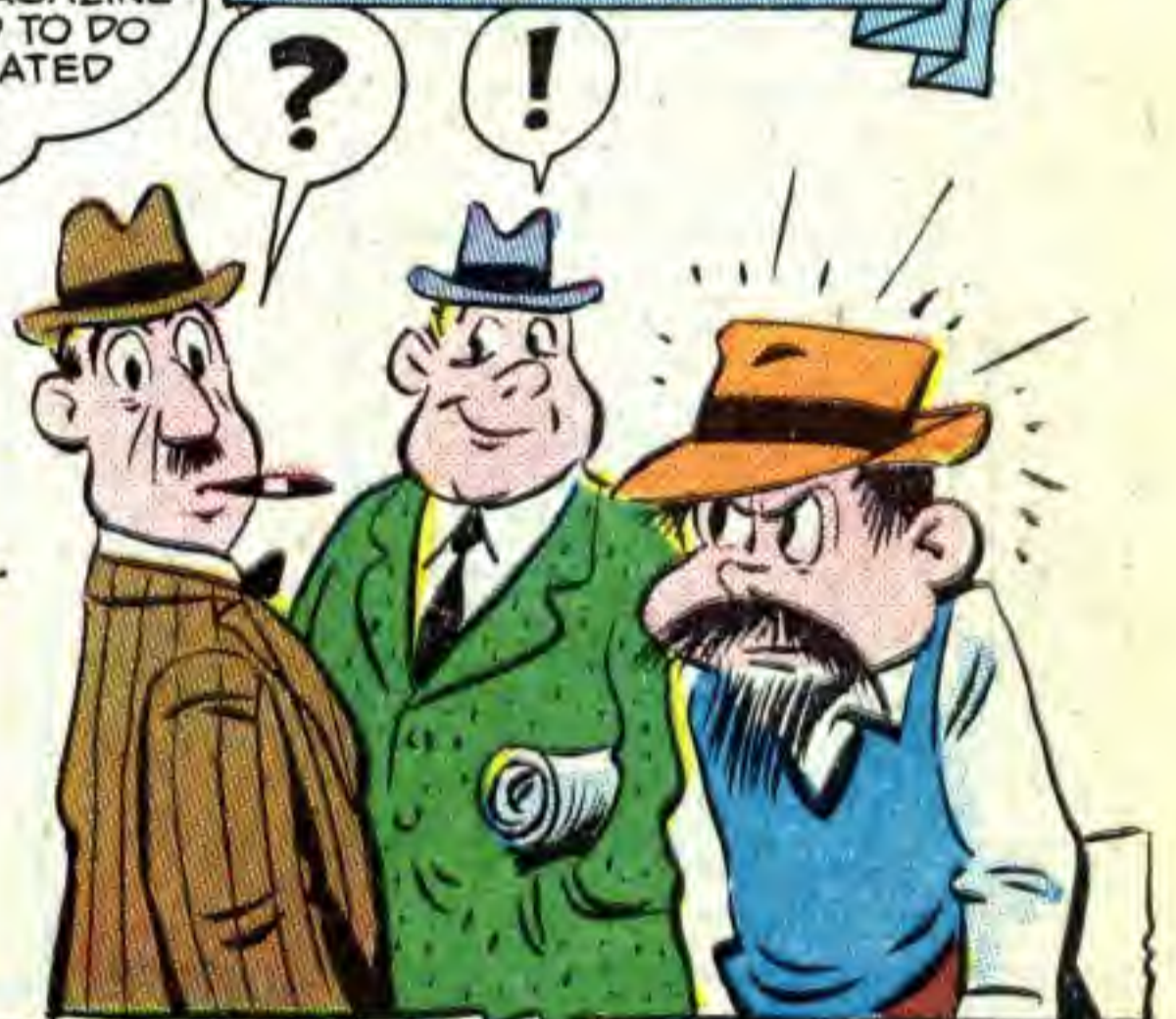


And later still...

YA MEAN YER SENDIN' THAT PICTURE I TOOK OF YOU TO "LIKE"?

YESSIR...THIS TIME IT'LL BE MY PICTURE IN THE MAGAZINE-- AS THE BOY WHO TRIED TO DO GOOD, BUT WAS MALTREATED BY THE AUTHORITIES! SOME STORY, EH?

AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER THAN THAT...



SAY, THAT WAS THE JONES BOY WITH A DISGUISE WASN'T IT? I WONDER WHY!

EVIDENTLY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LATEST COPY OF "LIKE"! ...LOOK!

WOW! HA-HA-HA!



THE DOPE OF THE WEEK! READ ABOUT HIS SILLY IDEA, OR... "HOW DUMB CAN YOU GET?"

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